

What Every Poet Knows

OCT 18 1928

Yearly Subscription, \$3.00

Single Number, 75 cents

The Sewanee Review

A Quarterly of Life and Letters

[Founded 1892]

EDITED BY

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.



October-December, 1928

A GROUP OF DANTE SONNETS	Charlotte F. Babcock
BAUDELAIRE'S DANDYISM	S. A. Rhodes
THÉOPHILE GAUTIER AND L'ART POUR L'ART	Aaron Schaffer
SOME COMMON ELEMENTS IN VIGNY AND MAUPASSANT	Ray P. Bowen
ANDRÉ MAUROIS	D. C. Cabeen
THE BARNABOOTH PERIOD	George Williamson
RACINE JANSÉNISTE MALGRÉ LUI	Francis A. Waterhouse
WHAT EVERY POET KNOWS	By One of Them
HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE	William C. Frierson
SCHOLARS AND OTHERS	Douglas Bush
LONG HOUSE (a sonnet)	Merrill Moore
A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT AMERICA	G. Ripley Cutler

BOOK REVIEWS: The Realm of Literature, *Theodore Stenberg*; Mediæval Leafdrift, *Frances W. Knickerbocker*; No Apology, Please, *Austin Warren*; Nature's Noblemen, *Vernon Loggins*; Lo, the Poor Jew!; Lacking Meat, *William S. Knickerbocker*; Studies in French Literature, *Maximilian Rudwin*; Skippety-Skip Socialism, *Eugene M. Kayden*; Beyond Behaviorism, *Austin Warren*.

PUBLISHED BY

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors to the October Review

Miss Charlotte F. Babcock, Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston, Massachusetts, has frequently published poetry in these pages; and Dr. Merrill Moore, one of the present Fugitive group of poets of Nashville, Tennessee, appears for the second time.

Continuing the plan of bringing together essays which have some relationship to each other, the present number of THE SEWANEE REVIEW is largely devoted to discussions of interesting themes in French letters. Dr. S. A. Rhodes, Assistant Professor of French in The Rice Institute, suggestively points out the revolt against democracy in Baudelaire's Philosophy of Dandyism; while Dr. Aaron Schaffer, Professor of French in the University of Texas, writes on the related theme of Gautier's contribution to the doctrine of "art for art's sake" in reaction to democratic utilitarianism. The moral integrity which characterised the suffering of Vigny and Maupassant during the same hectic period of French letters is shown by Dr. Ray P. Bowen, Professor of French in the University of Oregon, to have clear manifestations in their literary productions. Dr. Francis A. Waterhouse of Kenyon College discusses the causes of the Port-Royal doctrine of grace in the behavior of lovers in Racine's plays. Dr. David C. Ca-been, Professor of French in Vanderbilt University, comments on the success of André Maurois in interpreting English character and temperament in French fiction; while Dr. William C. Frierson, Assistant Professor of English in Ohio State University, reveals Hubert Crackanthorpe's indebtedness to concepts of naturalism in the nineteenth-century French novel.

Three of the essays in the present issue are on more general themes: Dr. George Williamson, Professor of English in Stanford University, finds the Zeitgeist of our times, to which he assigns the phrase, "the Barnabooth Period," revealed in the experiences of the hero of a modern French novel; a fairly well-known poet (who prefers to be anonymous here) indicts publishers for their commercial spirit; Douglas Bush of the English Department of the University of Minnesota takes the measure of dilettante critics and slap-dash reviewers who pooh-pooh the labors and writings of scholars.

THE SEWANEE REVIEW is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unaccompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for their return.

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XXXVI]

OCTOBER, 1928

[No. 4

A GROUP OF DANTE SONNETS

I. BEATRICE

I often wonder how she would have felt—
That little maid, in robe of "goodly red",
Of fawnlike eyes, who passed with dancing tread,—
The mortal Beatrice—that child who dwelt
By sweet Firenze's sun-drenched streets and knelt
With other white-clad girls at Mass, who said
Their Aves—she so fair and early dead!—
Had she but dreamed how fate with her has dealt!

And would she know herself in Paradise,
Encircled with the flaming aureole,
Before that mystic Rose, with petals bright?
Or would the radiance hurt her frightened eyes,
Dazzled as files of haloed saints unroll,
Blinded by Dante's boundless Sea of Light?

II. DONNA GEMMA

And what of Donna Gemma? Could she tell
Of starlit dreams that hovered in his brain,
And wingèd fantasies and stabbing pain,
When first he visioned the abyss of Hell,
Before the darkening night of exile fell,
Quenching his stars—never to see again
Belovèd Florence! Did she strive in vain
To read his mind, as some mysterious spell?

Was she *almost* content with food and home,
And dark-haired children, flashing-eyed like him;
Or by the Arno, when tides of spring were breaking,

Did ghosts of Beatrice's morning beauty come
To shadow her noon-day with longings dim—
Slow, inarticulate heart to pain awaking?

III. THE GREAT REFUSAL

Heaven cast them forth and Hell received them not—
They had not *lived*, how could they hope to *die*!
Each for himself, swayed by no impulse high,
No soaring aspiration that forgot
The bounds of time and space. There is no spot
In all the universe for such. They fly,
Still whirling anchorless, with futile cry,
Lamenting their malignant, wasp-stung lot!

Dante who knew the Love that guides the spheres
Knew flaming hate, its pole, knew sharp-fanged scorn,—
"Speak not of them—" they sold their heritage
For tasteless pottage, watered by their fears;
Better for such had they been never born,
Than prisoned close in the self's festering cage.

IV. PAGAN LIMBO

A noble fortress, battlements seven-fold,
In land salvaged from Hell—but dimly lit—
Here in an intellectual twilight sit,
So Dante says—the wisest seers of old,
Plato and Socrates,—sages untold.
Ah, mighty poet, no! Such dusks were fit
For purblind sight; these shining brows emit
The bright effulgence of an Age of Gold.

With eyes as clear as yours, as fearless hands,
They penetrated Time's cloud-baffling screen,
Seeking that Sun whence living splendor glows—
The fire that blazed on Plato—rainbow strands,
Fused in one burning effluence serene—
His keen white flame of Truth,—your mystic Rose.

CHARLOTTE FARRINGTON BABCOCK.

BAUDELAIRE'S PHILOSOPHY OF DANDYISM

I

Whatever were the early antecedents in the life of Charles Baudelaire, and they were of a nature to nurse in him a feeling of intellectual self-sufficiency and solitary destiny, his début in the literary circles of his time further strengthened the high opinion he had of his own superlative merits. Lionized and fêted in the parlor Bohemia of such men as Champfleury, Levassasseur, Charles Asselineau, Gérard de Nerval, his original and striking genius soon after won for him the friendship and appreciation of writers like Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert, and Sainte-Beuve, of artists like Delacroix and Manet, and of composers like Wagner and Liszt,—the élite of the intellectual aristocracy. This élite was more than a literary symbol. It was, in the words of Baudelaire, a "sacred battalion" spiritually banded together for the purpose of resisting a bourgeois civilization. When Saint-Simonism glorified the artist as one of the holy priests of the then new democratic dogma, Victor Hugo and Lamartine readily accepted the mantle. The post-Romanticists, however, thought in terms of what to them was a higher priesthood: devotion to artistic and spiritual progress, which, in their estimation, was an entirely divergent quest. The ideal, however varied in different temperaments, instilled nevertheless in all the most violent hatred of what they considered the engrossing and debasing materialism of the "*juste milieu*", something not quite as commendable as our "golden mean". Baudelaire recalling Saint-marc Girardin's advice, "Let us be ordinary", and seeing about him its unfortunate fulfillment, accused him of an immense hatred of the sublime.¹ The world, he said, has acquired such a taste for what is vulgar that the scorn of the spiritual man assumes the dignity of a passion.² "In the

¹*Journaux Intimes, Œuvres posthumes*, Paris 1908, p. 118.

²Proposed preface to *Les Fleurs du Mal*, J. Crépet ed., Paris 1922, pp. 373-374.

lonely solitude I have created in my mind," he writes, "I contend sometimes with grotesque monsters, with haunting, everyday phantoms, in the street, the drawing-room, the omnibus. In front of me, I see the Soul of the Middle-class, and believe me, were it not for the fear of spotting for ever the hangings of my cell, I should gladly throw my inkstand at its face with an animosity the like of which it scarcely suspects."³ Though less academically stated, this is not very different from Ernest Renan's indictment: "The Scythians have conquered the world. . . . A dreadful orgy of all sorts of infernal follies is casting over it a leaden cloud under which we are stifling."⁴ Patience with the vulgarity and the failings of their civilization was not their predominant quality. The more prosaic and tainted it seemed to them, the more extravagant became their condemnation of it. An examination of the literary output of the period will reveal the prevalence of such a state of mind among its most prominent writers. *Madame Bovary* tells the story of the prostration of the human intellect and emotions; *Renée Mauperin* of the degradation of the idealism, nobility, and greatness of soul; *Les Dialogues Philosophiques* of the moral and spiritual decadence in democracies; *Bouvard et Pecuchet* of growth and efflorescence of bourgeois stupidity and mental torpor. "It will be my book of vengeance," wrote Flaubert.⁵ Similarly, Baudelaire will dream all his life of writing a book that will express his hatred of the supposed malignant civilization of his century. "It will be my farewell to modern stupidity," he writes. "Perhaps, I shall be understood then. I shall express patiently all the reasons for my loathing of the human race. And when I shall be *absolutely free*, I shall seek a religion (Thibetan or Japanese), for I despise the *Koran* too much; and at the moment of death, I shall abjure it in turn, in order to show my utter disgust with human folly."⁶

³ "Salon de 1859," *Curiosités Esthétiques*, p. 316.

⁴ *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, Paris 1883, p. 65.

⁵ Quoted by A. Cassagne, *La Théorie de l'Art pour l'Art en France*, Paris 1906, p. 149.

⁶ Letter to his mother, Oct. 11, 1860, *Lettres Inédites à sa mère*, Paris 1918, p. 205; Letters to M. Ancelle, Oct. 13, and Nov. 13, 1864, *Lettres 1841-1866*, Paris 1915, pp. 377, 386.

In the face of mechanical progress and of what they considered moral decadence, the pure artists—Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire—instead of compromising with the social status, as Maxime du Camp, Victor Hugo, or even Sainte-Beuve did, make of their ideals the *sine qua non* of their art and conduct in life. To social communism, with its consequent cultural levelling, they oppose artistic individuality and aloofness; to the cult of material success they oppose the cult of the beautiful. In the seventeenth century, Corneille and Racine had not only their rigid æsthetics to control their artistic work, but a rigid moral and religious code as well to supervise their social relationships. In the nineteenth century, however, not only the work but the life of the artist also is controlled by his æsthetic creed. Baudelaire carried this doctrine to its furthest application, and made of his art not only the labor of his being and the moral guide of his life, but also a bulwark against democratic equality and, what seemed to him, degeneration. So that his art, his life, and his personality become unconventional and solitary. He carries his ideal through life as a talisman and as a penance.

II

Here may be drawn the line of cleavage that separates this ideal from that of Renan. The latter conceives the superman as a leader in morality, in government, and, especially, in science. Prospero looks for an aristocracy whose altar will be the laboratory, and whose religion control over the forces of nature.⁷ Baudelaire conceives the superman as an æsthete, as a poet. While the difference between them is great, they are both, nevertheless, priests of the same gods, officiating in different chapels but in the same temple.

What, specifically, are some of the qualities that, according to Baudelaire, characterized the æsthete or dandy? Dandyism, he declares, is the quintessence of the intellectual and moral mechanism of life. In some ways it borders on the spiritual,

⁷ See *Caliban*, Paris 1878, Act II, scene ii, Act IV, scenes iii, iv, v; *Eau de Jouvence*, Paris 1881, Act I, scene iii, Act IV, scenes i, iv, Act V, scene iii.

for all worldly experiences for the aristocrat or dandy are only ways to discipline the will and the soul. The dandy possesses the attributes found in relative degrees in the poet, the priest, and the soldier: the man who sings, the man who blesses, and the man who sacrifices others as well as himself. He drinks, in other words, at the fountains of creation, knowledge, and abnegation. The æsthete so defined imposes on himself the most rigorous moral despotism. He must aspire to be sublime without interruption. He must live and sleep as if in front of a mirror. He cannot, he must not, let his moral and artistic conscience slumber, for whatever is not sublime is useless and debasing. He must have, in the words of George Brandes, "constantly his hand on his pulse", and he must determine his every action and thought in life by the nature of their reaction on his æsthetic and intellectual being.⁸ Such a type, which Baudelaire calls "*l'homme sensible moderne*", would strike us as being eccentric and original. He would seem to lack what Schopenhauer characterizes as *soberness*, "which simply consists in this," he says, "that one sees in things nothing more than actually belongs to them, especially with reference to our possible ends; so that," he adds, "no sober-minded man can be a genius."⁹ But eccentricity is not necessarily a mark of genius; nor is soberness a mark of mediocrity. "The most original artists, the most astonishing, the most eccentric in their conceptions," says Baudelaire, "are often men whose lives are calm and minutely regulated."¹⁰ He considers eccentric, on the other hand, such things which to us seem necessary and normal, as for example, the various sports: hunting, racing, running, track events, swimming, sport pages, and the hero worship of athletes.¹¹ "*L'homme sensible moderne*," he says, is distinguished by a nervous and passionate temperament, a cul-

⁸ Ch. Baudelaire, *L'Art Romantique*, pp. 63-64, 93-94; *Curiosités Esthétiques*, p. 357; *Journaux Intimes*, *op. cit.*, pp. 107, 115.

⁹ *The World as Will and Idea*, Engl. tr. by R. B. Haldane, London 1907-1909, Vol. III, p. 156.

¹⁰ "Le Rire et la caricature," *Curiosités Esthétiques*, pp. 433-434.

¹¹ "Biographie des excentriques," *Œuvres posthumes*, p. 366.

tured mind, trained in the plastic arts, a sensitive heart, attuned to sorrow, but easily excited and enthused. A taste for metaphysics and for the complex problems of philosophy and human destiny are not foreign to his nature, nor a love of virtue . . . in the abstract, at once stoic and mystic. To all that must be added great intellectual delicacy, a high degree of skeptical circumspection, of good-breeding, of will power, of innate goodness of heart, of social and spiritual aloofness, concealing an extreme sensitiveness, and an ardent passion for the good and the beautiful; and above all, an inner urge for personal dignity and human pride, things rare to-day, with which to combat and destroy the empire of the commonplace.¹²

The dandy, the æsthete, Baudelaire held, is a hero in modern society, a saint struggling against the engulfing mediocrity of bourgeois culture. He has no other preoccupation in life than the culture of the beautiful and his own æsthetic faculties. Whereas other men may be cowed down and dragged into moral and intellectual slavery by material struggles and be condemned to practise what are called the professions, he must confine himself to obtaining no more than the necessities of life, and stoically scorn all that is superfluous. If we disregard the virulence of his diatribes, themselves a distorted expression of his poignant sincerity, their implications may be simmered down to this: all the material endeavors in life are tainted and vulgar, they all lead to the degradation of the human heart, because, he says, the pursuit of commercial gain is an evil thing. It is a form of egoism, the meanest and vilest. In consequence, he accuses all "honest people" of a certain degree of moral cowardice and spiritual slackness which, he fears, must end by wasting away and undermining their souls. But the dandy, proud of not being like them, must withdraw within his ivory tower, and nurse his conscience only in things of beauty. The one thing necessary for him, then, will be to become a great man and a saint for himself. Renan wrote that the aim of humanity

¹² *L'Art Romantique*, pp. 25-26, 94; *Curiosités Esthétiques*, pp. 204-205.

is to produce great men.¹³ Straining the expression, in truly Nietzschean style, Baudelaire asserted that nations have great men only in spite of themselves. The birth of one is a victory of a nation over itself. For a superman is a moving force that butts against an inert mass. He is always on the offensive, never on the defensive. He is a collective force, though always alone. Therein lies his greatness and glory. So the poet strives to make a practice of the cult of divinity, of the grand manner in everything, in art as in life. Especially when life begins to wear him down, does he attempt to uphold higher his ideal. "I shall love nothing but glory", he writes to his mother. "I shall work ceaselessly, and seek to become a living symbol of greatness." And to himself he repeats this admonition in one form or another, like a *Pater* or an *Ave*: "Strive to be the greatest of men! Let this be your constant obsession! Try every day to be the greatest of men! Be a great man and a saint in your own eyes! That is the only important thing in life!"¹⁴

To do this is to preserve and to perfect one's creative faculties; it is to cultivate the care of oneself in all physical, moral, and intellectual circumstances; in artistic creation, in love, health, personal appearance, bearing, and spiritual existence. It is to be conscious of one's innate superiority. In the same manner, Flaubert wished to keep his conscience pure and above that of all other men;¹⁵ and Renan tells in his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* that his teachers had inculcated upon him scorn for the layman, and the belief that the person who has not a noble mission in life is a traitor to mankind. To maintain and foster this ideal creed, the aristocrat is expected to live as a saint absorbed in his prayers. He is not to be disturbed by earthly motives. "Remember the saint whose field is plowed by an angel in order that he may not have to

¹³ *Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques*, p. 103.

¹⁴ *Journaux Intimes*, *op. cit.*, pp. 97-98, 100, 104, 107, 116, 122-124. "Pages de Carnet," *Mercur de France*, 1910, Vol. 88, p. 609. Letter to his mother, Aug. 11, 1862, *Lettres Inédites à sa mère*, p. 273.

¹⁵ *Correspondance*, Vol. II, p. 110.

interrupt his prayer," says Renan.¹⁶ This spiritual self-absorption is the essence of the æsthetic feeling which, according to Schiller, characterized the Greeks who "considered leisure and detachment from material preoccupations the gift of the gods, because these things gave expression in human terms to the conditions of a free and sublime life."¹⁷ Jules Lemaitre says of Lamartine's meditative nature: "I believe one must bless his dreamy and melancholy idleness that possessed him till the age of thirty."¹⁸ And Baudelaire speaks likewise of "*la féconde paresse*", in his poem "La Chevelure". "It is thanks to my leisure that I have developed," he writes, "much to my financial detriment, but greatly to the advantage of my faculties of feeling, meditating, and that of dandyism." So he concludes that men of worldly pursuits, political and business men, might often become worthy men, but not divine.¹⁹

This tendency to self-glorification and self-purification is an expression of modern stoicism, he held. Schopenhauer expressed the same notion in saying that "the best that one is, one must necessarily be for oneself".²⁰ This is not due to pride or conceit,—"*idée satanique, s'il en fut jamais*," declares Baudelaire, but merely to absorption of oneself in an æsthetic cult. Or, as he sings in "Bénédiction",

Toward the heaven, where he sees a throne gleaming,
The poet raises his arms in pious delight,
And the bright beams from his spirit dawning,
Conceal the furious peoples from his sight.

Barbey d'Aurevilly claimed for the dandy the serenity of the ancients in the midst of modern agitation and restlessness. Baudelaire considered likewise dandyism as the expression of the heroic mood in a period of social decadence. He called Chateaubriand "*le grand seigneur, assez grand pour être cyn-*

¹⁶ *Eau de Jouvence*, Act IV, scene ii.

¹⁷ *Letters upon the Æsthetic Education of Man*, quoted by Ch. Renouvier, Victor Hugo, le poète, Paris 1921, p. 319.

¹⁸ *Les Contemporains*, Vol. VI, p. 88.

¹⁹ *Journaux Intimes*, op. cit., pp. 87, 119; *Art Romantique*, pp. 356-357.

²⁰ *Op. cit.*, p. 151.

ique", adding that as between two supremacies, one might prefer that of a Chateaubriand to that of a Napoleon.²¹ Speaking of Théophile Gautier, he makes him say: "You believe me to be a dispassionate man, and you do not see, prosaic and wicked people, that I impose upon myself an outward calm which you seek constantly to trouble with your ugliness and your cruelty! What seems to you indifference in me is the resignation of despair. It is to escape the unbearable sight of your madness and your cruelty that my eyes remain steadfastly fixed upon the image of the immaculate Muse."²² The dandy's unflinching devotion to the beautiful serves to him as a barrier against the materialism rampant in life. He is not moved by the passions that disrupt the moral tenets of the average man. He possesses those patrician, serene qualities which, Baudelaire thinks, characterize the chiefs of powerful tribes. These are qualities reminiscent of those he attributes to certain aspects of the beautiful:

Je suis belle, ô mortels! comme un rêve de pierre, . . .
Et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris.

III

A characteristic somewhat difficult to understand and to justify in the dandy is his tendency to mystify the vulgar, to shock the bourgeois. Mystification as practised by Baudelaire, explains Gonzague de Reynold, is a means by which the artist asserts his superiority, his disdain, his independence, his iconoclasm, and his membership in a spiritual class that the plebeian can neither comprehend nor tolerate.²³ Barbey d'Aurevilly held that impertinence is the most visible badge of dignity that one can have in the midst of general vulgarity. Renan is no less emphatic: "The commendation of the gods," he writes, "often reverses the judgment of men. It is because we are conscious of this truth that we are led sometimes to scandalize

²¹ "L'Esprit et le Style de Villemain", *Œuvres posthumes*, pp. 323-325.

²² *Art Romantique*, p. 189.

²³ *Charles Baudelaire*, Paris-Genève 1920, pp. 82-83.

the Pharisees, and to find even a certain pleasure in it. We love to disturb the complacency of people so sure of their salvation that they damn others light-heartedly. . . . Nevertheless, our hearts are pure; only we claim the right to be different, . . ." ²⁴ However unethical the present state of society may consider such a creed, it was not so with these artists who, to protect their ideals, thought it necessary to make a parade of their dislikes and prejudices. From Belgium, Baudelaire wrote: "Many people have crowded with stupid curiosity about the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal* . . . who could only be an eccentric person! All this rabble took me for a monster, and, when they saw that I was reserved, restrained, and courteous,—and that I held free-thinkers, modern progress, and all the other modern follies in horror,—they decreed that I was not the author of my book." And this was a natural enough reaction in people. As Marcel Proust explains: "we do not see our external appearance, visible to others, because we are 'absorbed' in our inner vision, which is unseen of others. This inner vision is what the artist renders in his work. When, however, his admirers behold him face to face, they are disappointed because they cannot recognize the beauty he has created upon his features." ²⁵ But what a confusion between an author's conventional life and his work! remarks Baudelaire. "Between ourselves," he writes to his mother, "who can boast of understanding me, and of knowing where I wish to go, what I wish to do. . . . This tormenting book (of which I am very proud) must be very obscure, very unintelligible! I shall always suffer the penalty of having dared to paint evil with some talent. However, I must confess that for the last two or three months, I have given free rein to my natural bent, and have taken particular delight in shocking people, in being rude, in which art I excel when I want to." ²⁶ The sensitive man, he says, the man at odds with

²⁴ *Discours et Conférences*, Paris 1887, p. 115.

²⁵ *La Prisonnière*, Vol. I, p. 247.

²⁶ Letter to M. Ancelle, Oct. 13, 1864; *Lettres 1841-1866*, p. 376; *Lettres Inédites à sa mère*, pp. 19-20.

the multitude, can often derive a bitter delight from his conversation with fools and from the reading of stupid books. Hatred and scorn are legitimate shields of protection against the cruelty and villainy of the stupid, although, alas, there are certain insensible natures, he added, against whom even scorn is helpless and affords neither pleasure nor revenge. "With the exception of Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, Mérimée, de Vigny, Flaubert, Banville, Gautier, Leconte de Lisle," he says, "all the riffraff of to-day utterly disgusts me. All your learning, politics, virtues, vices, progress give me the creeps. The only worthwhile virtue, and a dangerous one it is, consists in having a more sensitive, a loftier, and a more delicate nature than that of the crowd. Come not to me ever with idle talk and idle talkers."

All this may seem out of fashion and a pose to-day. It was not in the nineteenth century, and in Baudelaire's time, the most prosaic period, perhaps, in the annals of history. The whole of *Les Fleurs du Mal* may be considered the spiritual reaction of the poet to its engulfing mediocrity. For men whose souls are free and who must live with people swayed by opinion, gossip, fear, reputation, submit outwardly while they accumulate inwardly a load of spiritual dynamite which ultimately explodes in their work. "If ever the book I am preparing, *Mon cœur mis à nu*, is completed," Baudelaire writes to his mother, "*The Confessions* of J. J. Rousseau will seem pale in comparison." "Let me laugh a little," he writes on another occasion, "just a little, at your desire constantly expressed of seeing me become *similar to other people*, and worthy of your friends. You must understand that, much to my sorrow, I am not made like other men. Alas! You know well enough, that I have not descended to that level, and that my destiny will be quite different. Spare me a little your perpetual preaching of a worldly wisdom." As Schopenhauer explains: "Genius lives essentially alone. It is too rare to find its like with ease, and too different from the rest of men to be their companion." And Baudelaire exclaims: "When I shall have inspired universal horror and disgust, I shall have conquered my soli-

tude."²⁷ The desire of the poet to startle and whip the coarse innocence of the Pharisee and the scandal-monger was in effect a subconscious effort of his will to free itself from the impositions of social conventions, and to assert itself upon them. The artist thus sought to unshackle his personality, to rise above those whom he considered his tormentors.

IV

With the various legends that have sprung about Baudelaire's name, the Baudelaireana, this study cannot deal with profit. A great many of them were made up by the poet himself, mostly for reasons kindred to those just mentioned. "I have been taken for a policeman, for a pederast (it is I who spread this rumor, and they believed me)," he writes to Mme. Paul Meurice, "afterwards, I was taken for a proof reader . . . of infamous works. Exasperated at being always believed, I spread the rumor that I killed my father, and that I had eaten him up . . . and they believed me! They have credited me with all the crimes I boasted of. I am wallowing in shame. . . ."²⁸ Other tales were due to the passion for calumny natural to many people, and to the thoughtlessness, or even animosity, as he himself claims, of those who were supposed to be his friends.²⁹ All of them must be laid to his time and environment. The true Baudelaire, the artist, the idealist who longed for victory of the spirit over the flesh, must not be befogged by stories that were due to fortuitous incidents.

Genius, the true hero, Baudelaire held, can dispense with the applause of the populace. Prizes, official honors, medals, all encourage hypocrisy, destroy spontaneity and freedom of thought, and shackle the spirit. For an author to accept a

²⁷ *Journaux Intimes*, *op. cit.* pp. 89, 125; letter to M. Ancelle, Feb. 18, 1866, *Lettres 1841-1866, Lettres Inédites à sa Mère*, pp. 19, 121-127, 220.

²⁸ Letter of Jan. 3, 1865, *Lettres 1841-1866*, p. 398. Also proposed preface to *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *op. cit.* pp. 272-275.

²⁹ "Le bruit répandu contre moi par la bande de Victor Hugo est une infamie dont je me vengerai," he writes to M. Ancelle, June 1864, *Lettres 1841-1866*, p. 366.

prize is to confer upon the giver the right to judge his work. It is a confession on his part that the prize has a higher value than his work, or that it honors it and gives it a significance it did not have intrinsically. It lays a premium on the immediate standards of taste of those able to dispense prizes and honors. It creates a criterion in art based not on art, but on popularity and favors and social returns.³⁰ It is difficult, of course, to become entirely insensible to the applause of the crowd, and to rise to a level of absolute dandyism. "I myself," he says, "in spite of all my efforts, have not been able to resist the temptation of seeking to please contemporaries, witness certain vile flatteries I addressed to the bourgeoisie in some parts of my work."³¹ To become really popular, must not one consent to deserve it; show, that is, at least in a slight degree, a touch of vulgarity which leaves on one an indelible stain? In literature as in ethics, there is no less danger than glory in being fastidious. The aristocracy of taste is even more exclusive than that of caste. "As for me," he says, "I am not one of those who see a regrettable evil in this; and I have, perhaps, carried my ill-humor too far against the poor Philistines. For to recriminate, to protest, to implore justice, isn't that also the proper conduct of Philistines? Let us welcome, rather, with all the respect and enthusiasm due to it this aristocracy of taste which elevates as it isolates us."³² For the things of art are the prerogatives of the refined. It is the fewness of the elect that makes paradise desirable. Is it necessary for an author that a book be understood by others than the one for whom it was written? Thus after Bouilhet's death Flaubert wrote: "I do not feel any longer the need to write because I wrote specially for a single creature who no longer lives."³³ But is it even essential that a book be written for anyone? asks Baudelaire. "In so far as I am concerned," he writes, "I have such scorn for the prevail-

³⁰ *Art Romantique*, pp. 298-299; *Journaux Intimes*, *op. cit.*, p. 101.

³¹ Notes for a preface to *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *op. cit.*, p. 376. The reference is to the introduction and dedication of his "Salon de 1845" and his "Salon de 1846" where he lauds the middle classes.

³² *Art Romantique*, p. 156.

³³ *Correspondance*, Vol. IV, p. 19.

ing standard of taste that like certain women who confide their loves and their sorrows to imaginary friends through the mail, willingly would I write only for history."³⁴ For the dandy is concerned essentially with the cult of himself. He has no faith in the people. The vulgar seeks his happiness in others. The true hero seeks it in himself. In answer to an article on Heinrich Heine by the critic Jules Janin in which Heine was taken to task for his lack of gaiety, for his irony and for the sorrows he sang, in contrast with the "*charmante ivresse*", the cheerful humor which he considered to be characteristic of French poetry,³⁵ Baudelaire wrote: "your *feuilleton* of yesterday has revolted me. . . . You are disturbed by sorrow, by irony. . . . Must a man be a degenerate in order to feel happy. . . ? Had you said, I am a virtuous man, I could have understood that that implied: I suffer less than someone else. But no; you are *happy*. Easy to satisfy, then?" "Must happiness be invoked invariably by Doctor Estaminetus Crapulosus Pedantissimus as an excuse to justify moral apathy? The spirit must be easy to please, else, thumbs down!" "I pity you, and consider my ill-humor more ennobling than your state of bliss. — Can it be that the rewards of this life are all you crave?" It would be well, he declares, to teach sometimes the contented ones of this world, if for no other purpose than to humiliate for a moment their stupid pride, that there exist higher, nobler, and subtler satisfactions than theirs.³⁶

The dandy's misanthropy is, nevertheless, tempered in the poet by the great love he has to witness and to experience the rush of life. He emulates the anchorite only in so far as he, like the latter, keeps away from the drab materialism of the shop-keeper. But, says Baudelaire, "*sa passion et sa profession, c'est d'épouser la foule.*" The artist, the student of humanity, he declares, has no greater happiness than to make his home of the whole world. So the aristocrat in spirit and manners in

³⁴ Dedication of *Les Paradis Artificiels*.

³⁵ *Indépendance Belge*, Feb. 11, 1865.

³⁶ Letter to Jules Janin, *Œuvres posthumes*, pp. 312-313. "Les Foules," *Petits Poèmes en Prose*.

Baudelaire had always something in him of a modern Diogenes looking into and scrutinizing the soul of every man and woman, good and bad. With his friends, he was a prince of companions. "I've often made the statement," writes Charles Asselineau, "that Baudelaire was one of the rare men in whose company I have never known what it is to be bored. I believe seriously that he was the only one. There never were any silent, awkward moments in his conversation. His love of it kept it always alert and running like a bubbling brook."³⁷ It was indeed, for him, and in his own words: "*l'unique plaisir d'un être spirituel.*" It must be understood, however, that the sort of conversation he delighted in was the substantial, erudite but scintillating, talk of a learned and inspired artist. He had no patience for the vapid chatter of half-baked intellects, for the unthinking and presumptuous babble of parlor-artists, so unbearable to an accomplished man, "*à l'homme du monde, au citoyen spirituel de l'univers.*" Certain pleasures, like those of conversation, for example, increase in proportion as certain needs decrease. So he sought the companionship of those whose conversation was the equal of his; of Chenavard, whom he did not like as a painter, but with whom, he says, "at least I am sure of being able to talk of Virgil and Plato." In Daumier's conversation he loved his "luminous common sense", colorful and substantial. In that of Sainte-Beuve, "his whimsical, spirited, subtle and always rational eloquence". In that of Delacroix, its admixture of philosophical solidity, intellectual nimbleness, and contagious enthusiasm. He remarks concerning Poe that his conversation was not that of a "*beau parleur*" but one "*essentiellement nourrissante*". It was one for those who measure friendship by the spiritual profit they can derive therefrom. And that is why his own society was so eagerly sought after. He charmed as much by his magnetic personality as by his irresistible, captious talk. Émile de Molène writes that when he designed to speak on art, his hearers listened with open mouths.

³⁷ "Recueils d'Anecdotes," Eugène et Jacques Crépet, *Charles Baudelaire*, Paris 1919, p. 289.

Villiers de L'Isle Adam's letters to him are epistles of adoration. Nevertheless, Baudelaire was not to be easily won. He could strike no passing acquaintances. He would either make friends, or, as he himself says, he would remain as a prince who delights going about incognito. "I do not love bad company," he writes to Champfleury. "I have always had a horror of it." He illustrates Nietzsche's remark that "the strict maintenance of a distinguished and tasteful demeanor, the obligation of frequenting only those who do not 'let themselves go,' is amply sufficient to render one distinguished and tasteful".²⁸ In Baudelaire's case, however, it was more of a distinction and a sign of good taste for others to frequent him than vice versa. "He would have run to the end of the world to escape the company of fools," writes Paul Claudel, "for he had the highest degree of respect for his own person. Always courteous, very proud, and very unctious at the same time, there was in him something of the monk, the soldier, and the man of the world",²⁹ the very characteristics which, we have just seen, he considered as distinctive of the dandy.

His tastes naturally inclined him towards what he terms in English the "High Life". Though often condemned to live in sordid holes, he never failed to take along with him in his forced pilgrimages from one ill-smelling Faubourg to another, the few bits of lovely furniture and other artistic bric-a-brac he possessed. For beauty and luxury, even in house furniture, rejoice the mind, he held. They are like an invitation to higher things. He longed to live in an atmosphere of elegance, refinement, congenial to the sensitive temperament of a highly cultured intellect; a land where

Tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté
Luxe, calme, et volupté.

"A true land of Cockaigne", he sings again in his prose poem, "L'Invitation au Voyage", "where everything is beautiful, sumptuous, peaceful, genteel; where order is mirrored in

²⁸ *The Twilight of the Idols*, Edinburgh, 1911, Eng. tr. by Ludovici, p. 107.

²⁹ "Chez feu mon Maître," E. and J. Crépet, *op. cit.*, pp. 237-238.

luxury; where life is opulent and fragrantly sweet; from whence disorder, turbulence, and the unwelcome are excluded; where happiness dwells in silence; where love feeds on ambrosia, and everything else on love." He cultivated his taste for the beautiful and the distinctive not only as saving graces against what is vulgar, but also as the proper mantles in which to clothe his spirit. No activity appealed to him so much as that he spent on personal hygiene and appearance. To be immaculate in dress and manners, to wear but the purest white linen, to keep his body and his hands with the solicitous care of a priestess in a pagan temple was to him a form, a symbol, of spiritual loftiness. Excess in dress, however, he considered a sign of bad taste, and hence contrary to the tenets of dandyism. There is a morality in dress as in everything else, and its principle is to avoid immoderation and vanity. Elegance in attire may serve as a symbol of aristocratic superiority only when it is in good taste, and for the dandy, perfection of elegance lies in simplicity, which is, indeed, the best way of being distinctive. He speaks of the necessity of respecting one's body as the temple of a god, and he practised this credo jealously, so that he was a challenge to the superficial Bohemianism of careless artists who often mistake slothfulness for art. When fortune smiled on him, he looked like a Byron dressed by Brummel. "Always charming, distinguished, a velvet jacket closely fitting to his waist gave him the appearance of one of those young patricians of Venice whose portraits were painted by Titian," writes an eye witness.⁴⁰ Théodore de Banville describes him as he appeared in his twenties: "a rare example of a face really divine, graced by the most seductive and irresistible powers and charms."⁴¹ And Catulle Mendès speaks of meeting him later in life, "with his delightful correctness of dress and demeanor, and the air of a disdainful aristocrat"⁴² If to these

⁴⁰ Testimony of Levavasseur and M. Hignard, quoted by E. and J. Crépet, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

⁴¹ *Mes Souvenirs*, quoted by Ernest Raynaud, "Baudelaire et la Religion du Dandysme," *Mercure de France*, Aug. 16, 1917, vol. 122, p. 583.

⁴² *La Légende du Parnasse contemporain*, Paris, 1884, p. 180.

portraits we compare that by which he is generally recognized, the portrait placed as a frontispiece to the edition of *Les Fleurs du Mal* by Calmann-Lévy, then the whole extent of the poet's life becomes readily apparent. The Titian air and the divinity having vanished, there remains behind only a bitter, sorrowful, tortured, but still aristocratic and proud countenance. "He had," says Camille Lemonnier, who saw the poet in the last years of his life which he spent in Belgium, "the austere beauty of a cardinal of letters officiating before the Ideal, and the voice of an apostle of the Cult of Art."⁴³

The dandy in Baudelaire was thus true to the end. When the days of misery came, he contrived to maintain an imposing appearance, giving to his rags an air of distinction. He could suffer no deterioration of the body or mind. When aphasia struck him its fatal blow, he still kept up the cult of his person, physically and spiritually. "I see him," writes Félix Nadar, his intimate friend, "stricken with aphasia, helpless and worn-out, but nevertheless still conscious and faithful to his cult. He had the love of the beautiful with him to the very last." He delighted especially in keeping his hands well-manicured and preserved as a thing of beauty. When he visited Nadar at his home, his first thought always was to have them washed, though there was no visible need for it. He would then amuse himself by playing with them in the sunlight. And the same thing was true spiritually. Almost the last conscious effort of his will to live was to demand of his friends to play for him *Tannhauser*, the music he loved so much and had championed so stoutly and which has such spiritual kinship with *Les Fleurs du Mal*.⁴⁴

Baudelaire seems to have tried to symbolize in his person the truth of a statement he made in his *Salon de 1845*. "The heroism of life surrounds us and calls to us. He will be a true artist who will extract from modern life its epic greatness, and will show us and make us understand how truly great and poetic we are in spite of our neck-ties and our blackened boots."⁴⁵ The heroism

⁴³ *La Vie Belge*, quoted by E. and J. Crépet, *op. cit.*, pp. 262-253.

⁴⁴ Félix Nadar, *Baudelaire, Intime*, Paris, 1911, pp. 137-139.

⁴⁵ *Curiosités Esthétiques*, pp. 75-76.

of life, as he conceived it, made up of beauty and nobility, that was the distinctive characteristic he sought in the dandy's life, as he had found it in the lives of those he considered the prototypes of his hero: Chateaubriand, Delacroix, Alcibiades, and Cæsar: the great Cæsar, in whom Baudelaire beheld the supreme ideal of the perfect dandy, who was as much concerned over his immaculate appearance as over his dictatorship; who was powerful, brave, and great of heart; who united in him beauty, glory, and refinement; who was greater than his victories, and whose death was on a par with his life. Baudelaire's dandyism, we see, aimed very high. Whatever were his failings, he tried to extract from life its epic grandeur. It was not wholly his fault that he obtained from it only its tragedy.

The ideal which moved him, however,—the ideal which moved Renan to seek Ariel and Prospero, Flaubert to write *Les Tentations de Saint-Antoine*, de Vigny to write *Les Destinées*, Leconte de Lisle his *Poèmes Antiques* and *Poèmes Barbares*, and Baudelaire *Les Fleurs du Mal*,—is the same desire to rise above what they looked upon as the ugliness and the mediocrity of modern civilization. Theirs was an aristocracy of the intellect, subject, as the dandy was required to be, to the most rigorous spiritual code; and it matters little that one found his inspiration and his remedy for his pessimism in the religions, the poetry, and the beauty of ancient Greece and of other civilizations, while the other sought it in his own tormented and tormenting soul; that one called the hero Prospero and the other called him a dandy; that one brought forth from it *Madame Bovary*, and the other *Spleen et Idéal*. Essentially the cult is one and the aristocracy the same, and the more difficult to maintain pure or live up to that, so it seemed to Baudelaire, it is based upon the most precious of human faculties, the loftiest, and the most spiritual, that neither social success nor the engrossing cares of material strife can confer or emulate; for they are the creative faculties of the artist, the keys that open the gateways to the world of art and beauty.

S. A. RHODES.

The Rice Institute.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER AND "L'ART POUR L'ART"

The Romantic movement in France was brought to a head by the efforts of two *cénacles*—that of Charles Nodier and that of Victor Hugo. These groups differed from each other in at least two striking respects: in the first place, the Arsenal coterie was, to put it mildly, at least tepidly classical; in the second place, the "*cénacle* de Joseph Delorme"¹ included in its personnel not only men of letters, but painters, engravers, and sculptors as well, a fact which recalls the pre-Raphaelite school in England. Indeed, if we are to believe Gautier's dramatic story of the first performance of *Hernani*, the triumph of that tragedy was made possible by the presence at the theatre of a large number of art-students who had been recruited in advance for service in the cause.² Especially were the younger men of the Hugo *cénacle* students of one or another of the plastic arts. This phenomenon is most significant for an appreciation of the striking change to be observed in the Romantic movement after 1830. Whereas Lamartine, Hugo, Vigny, and Musset were tacitly contending for the independence of art and the interdependence of the arts, the younger Romanticists made these concepts the "Law and the Prophets" of the movement. The "*transposition d'art*" became the vogue, so that poets set about writing "pastels" and "symphonies" and artists painting "sonnets". In other words, art looked upon itself as an independent entity, and almost completely divorced itself from life. Here we have, in a nutshell, the theory of *l'art pour l'art*,—art for its own sake.

The man who was, perhaps more than any other single individual, directly responsible for the formulation and the

¹ So called because of the title of Sainte-Beuve's first volume, *Vie, poésies, et pensées de Joseph Delorme* (Paris, 1829). Sainte-Beuve was one of the moving spirits of the group and was on terms of close friendship with Hugo and his wife.

² Vide the chapter on the *Hernani* "première" in Gautier's *Histoire du Romantisme* (Paris, 1874).

practice of the idea of "l'art pour l'art" was Théophile Gautier. Born in 1811, Gautier early heard the call of the plastic arts and entered the studio of the painter Rioult. Together with his fellow-"rapins", he was keenly alive to the volcanic rumblings perceptible in the realm of literature, and when he was summoned by his schoolmate, the ill-starred Gérard de Nerval, to stand by as one of the warriors in the *Hernani* battle, he joyously assented. The evening of the "première" of this drama marked the turning-point in Gautier's life. In order to make sure of attracting the attention of the bourgeois who might be expected to attempt to howl down so flamboyantly anti-classical a work as Hugo's play, and thus to serve as a rallying-point for the soldiers of the new school, Gautier himself designed, and then had prepared, a costume—the outstanding element of which was a pink waistcoat—which earned him immediate and lasting notoriety. Many years later, Maxime du Camp, a warm friend of Gautier who was also to be one of his biographers, asked him whether it was true that he had become famous as a young man. Gautier replied, in a tone of ironic indifference: "Oui, très jeune, à cause de mon gilet rouge."³ The poet himself never completely recovered from the thrill of this occasion, and his description of the "première" throws a most interesting side-light upon the great achievement of "mil huit cent trente". The Romanticists emerged victorious from the *Hernani* battle, and henceforth Gautier was enrolled among the adoring slaves of Hugo and eager to follow in his footsteps as *littérateur*.

In his *Histoire du Romantisme*, Gautier devotes individual chapters to the principal figures among the younger adjuncts of the Romantic movement—Gérard de Nerval, Pétrus Borel, Philothée O'Neddy (an anagram of his real name, Théophile Dondey) Célestin Nanteuil, Jules Vabre (called "le compagnon miraculeux")—a band of freaks who believed, or affected to believe, that eccentricity is the badge of genius, and most of

³ *Vide* du Camp: *Théophile Gautier* (Paris, Hachette, 1895, p. 28).

whom, with the exception of the unhappy Gérard, possessing eccentricity alone, soon passed into the limbo of oblivion. The interesting fact about this group, however, is that they were painters and sculptors as well as poets. "Cette immixtion de l'art dans la poésie," says Gautier in the *Histoire du Romantisme*, "a été un des signes caractéristiques de la nouvelle école."⁴ A quarter of a century after the *Hernani* triumph, Victor Hugo, in a poem to M. Fromont Meurice, was to declare:

"Le poète est ciseleur,
Le ciseleur est poète."⁵

Herein lies the explanation for the "sculpturalness" of the poetry of Gautier and his contemporaries. His own *Emaux et camées*, Louis Bouilhet's *Festons et astragales*, Théodore de Banville's *les Cariatides*—these titles of three important volumes of verse published at about the middle of the century give ample evidence of the current conception of the relation of poetry to the plastic arts. As late as 1872, Banville could still asseverate: "La poésie est à la fois musique, statuaire, peinture, éloquence; elle doit charmer l'oreille, enchanter l'esprit, représenter les sons, imiter les couleurs, rendre les objets visibles, et exciter en nous les mouvements qu'il lui plaît d'y produire; aussi est-elle le seul art complet, nécessaire, et qui contienne tous les autres."⁶

Gautier had begun writing verse while still a *rapin*. A slender volume of *Poésies*, published in July 1830, was completely lost sight of in the hubbub of the Orleanist revolution; and so the poems were reprinted, with notable additions, in 1832, under the title of *Albertus*. This volume is, from some points of view, far more significant for its preface, written in October, 1832, than for the verses it contained. Here we have Gautier, at the very outset of his career as a man of letters, an avowed expo-

⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 18.

⁵ *Les Contemplations* (1856—*Œuvres complètes*, Paris, Hetzel-Quantin, n. d., vol. V, p. 73).

⁶ *Petit traité de poésie française* (Paris, Lemerre, 1872, p. 9).

ment of art for its own sake, an outspoken opponent of utilitarian art. The preface opens with the statement that its author is totally uninterested in politics; "il n'est ni rouge, ni blanc, ni même tricolore; il n'est rien, il ne s'aperçoit des révolutions que lorsque les balles cassent les vitres" (a reference to the revolution of July, 1830). He realizes full well that the time is inopportune for the publication of a volume of verse, but he considers it "une œuvre pie et méritoire par la prose qui court, qu'une œuvre d'art et de fantaisie où l'on ne fait aucun appel aux passions mauvaises." And then he takes up the question of "useful art": "Quant aux utilitaires, utopistes, économistes, saint-simonistes, et autres qui lui demanderont à quoi cela rime, . . . il répondra: Le premier verse avec le second quand la rime n'est pas mauvaise, et ainsi de suite. A quoi cela sert-il? . . . Cela à être beau. . . . N'est-ce pas assez? Comme les fleurs, comme les parfums, comme les oiseaux, comme tout ce que l'homme n'a pu détourner et dépraver à son usage. *En général, dès qu'une chose devient utile, elle cesse d'être belle.* Elle rentre dans la vie positive, de poésie elle devient prose, de libre esclave. . . . Tout l'art est là. *L'art, c'est la liberté,* . . .⁷ La peinture, la sculpture, la musique ne servent absolument à rien. . . . Les objets dont on a le moins besoin sont ceux qui charment le plus." This theorem Gautier was to develop at much greater length in the celebrated preface to his no less celebrated novel, *Mademoiselle de Maupin* (1835), and it remained the basic creed of his entire literary career.

In his magistral work, *la Théorie de l'art pour l'art*,⁸ Cassagne has carefully studied the origins of this concept in French literature. He quotes the statement of the biographers of the philosopher, Victor Cousin, that "on doit à Cousin la théorie de l'indépendance de l'art qui ne doit être un instrument de

⁷ Italics mine.

⁸ Paris, 1906. Cassagne also quotes the following passage from an article by Cousin in the *Revue des deux mondes*: "Il faut comprendre et aimer la morale pour la morale, la religion pour la religion, l'art pour l'art." But this article was written in 1845, thirteen years after Gautier's first preface, and can have no bearing upon the question of priority.

sensualité, ni auxiliaire exclusif de la morale et de la religion." The opposing concept of "l'art utile" was preached by the political and economic radicals as well as by the great army of bourgeois writers of the day. Lamennais maintained: "L'art pour l'art est une absurdité." Such important playwrights as Dumas fils and Augier were outspoken champions of the "théâtre utile". Maxime du Camp, the author of a volume of verse entitled *Chants modernes* (1855), ridiculed the notion that "la forme seule est belle" and called upon poets to concern themselves with scientific and industrial progress.¹⁰ Even Hugo, in his *William Shakespeare* (1864), maintained that his art had always been "social" and denied vigorously the authorship of the theory of "art for art's sake". "L'art pour l'art," he declares, "peut être beau, mais l'art pour les progrès est plus beau encore."¹¹ But Gautier clung unswervingly to his love of his literary ideal. In 1856 he collaborated in the publication of a periodical called *l'Artiste*, which stood on the platform of the autonomy of art. "L'art pour nous," affirmed *l'Artiste*, "n'est pas le moyen, mais le but; tout artiste qui se propose autre chose que le beau n'est pas un artiste à nos yeux; nous n'avons jamais pu comprendre la séparation de l'idée et de la forme. . . . Une belle forme est une belle idée." This conception of art—un-social, un-moral, un-religious, anti-bourgeois—was anathema to the "great reading public" of the middle of the century and, on numerous occasions, it ran afoul of the State; the appearance of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* in the *Revue de Paris* brought on a governmental indictment of author and editors; the publication of Baudelaire's *les Fleurs du Mal*¹² cost the poet a fine of three hundred francs. With all this, however, there was

⁹ *Esquisse d'une Philosophie*, Book VIII, Chap. 3—quoted by Cassagne.

¹⁰ It was absurd, therefore, that the publishers of the *Grands écrivains français* series should have called upon du Camp to prepare the biography of Gautier. Du Camp does his very best (pp. 177-84) to prove that Gautier's interest in form did not exceed his concern for content.

¹¹ Cassagne, *op. cit.*, p. 344. (All the quotations in this paragraph are from Cassagne.)

¹² The volume was dedicated to Gautier, "poète impeccable, parfait magicien des lettres françaises, très cher et très vénéré maître et ami."

no "school" of "l'art pour l'art". The theory was vociferously proclaimed at Gautier's Thursday dinners at his Neuilly home, where he received, among others, Flaubert, Banville, the brothers Goncourt, and Baudelaire; Flaubert's celebrated "diners Magny" included many admirers of the theory; and it was ardently championed at the *salon* of the charming Mme. Sabatier, for a brief while the mistress of Baudelaire, by Gautier, Flaubert, Louis Bouilhet, and the Goncourts. But all these men wrote as individual artists, and Gautier was not by any means the least independent of them. The group that may perhaps lay the strongest claim to having practised the theory most concertedly and most consistently was that of the Parnassians, a band of poets for whom Gautier was a well-spring of inspiration.

To return to the poetry of Gautier. The 1832 volume of *Poésies* was a typical "maiden" effort, interesting less for what it contained than for what it promised. Gautier here revealed the sensitiveness to the beauties of nature and to the emotions of youth which were characteristic of the period. More significant is his expression of his indebtedness to the older leaders of the Romantic movement. In "A mon ami Eugène de N." he speaks of:

"Nos auteurs chéris, Victor et Sainte-Beuve,
Aigles audacieux, qui d'une route neuve
Et d'obstacles semée ont tenté les hasards,
Malgré les coups de bec de mille geais criards,
D'Alfred de Vigny
Et d'Alfred de Musset et d'Antoni Deschamps."

Then follows a significant passage:

"Des vieux qu'un siècle ingrat en s'avancant oublie,
Guillaume de Lorris
Le bon Alain Chartier, Rutebeuf le conteur,
.
Maitre Clément Marot, madame Marguerite,
.
Villon, et Rabelais, cet Homère moqueur."¹³

¹³ *Poésies Complètes* (2 vols., Paris, Charpentier, 1884-85; Vol. I, pp. 68-71).

The pre-classical poets, neglected for nearly three centuries, were again bidding for attention, and were to receive their full meed only in the hands of some of some of Gautier's Parnassian disciples. The artistic duality of Gautier is also revealed in his poem to Eugène de N.:

"Quand nous aurons assez causé littérature,
Nous changerons de texte et parlerons peinture;
Je te dirai comment Rioult, mon maître, fait
Un tableau qui je crois, sera d'un grand effet."

Then, in their turn, are mentioned Perugino, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Veronese, Titian, Michael Angelo, Annibale Caracci, Correggio, Rembrandt. Though he had abandoned the *atelier* of the painter, Gautier always felt at liberty to re-visit it when the spirit so moved.

Gautier's first work of real significance was a narrative poem—*Albertus, ou l'âme et le péché: légende théologique*—in the ultra-Romantic vein, wherein is manifest the influence of Part One of *Faust*, of the works of Byron, and of the early poems of Musset. Albertus was a painter torn between his love for his own art and his interest in poetry and music: in his choice of subject-matter for his pictures, he is a true Romanticist, for his studio contains, among others, canvases of Bürger's Lenore, of Macbeth and the sorceresses, of the children of Lara, and of Marguerite (Faust's Gretchen) at prayer. Albertus succumbs to the charms of an entrancing woman who is actually a hideous witch in disguise and who, after a session of most frenetic cohabitation, regains, in the very arms of her lover, her original form. The painter is carried off on a broom-handle to a witches' sabbath, plainly a mere reproduction of the Faustian Walpurgisnacht, and in the morning is found dead on the Appian Way. The poem is, from beginning to end, derivative; indeed, it might be an interesting pastime to cull passages borrowed directly from other authors. Gautier's apostrophe to love: "Amour, joie et fléau du monde", " can hardly be less

⁴¹ Stanza XLVII (*Poésies complètes*, Vol. I, p. 146).

than an unabashed lifting from Musset's "Don Paez",¹⁵ where we find the verse: "Amour, fléau du monde, exécration folie." Likewise, the line: "Comme emparadisés dans les bras l'un de l'autre,"¹⁶ is a word-for-word translation of Milton's "Imparadised in one another's arms."¹⁷ Despite the slightly hyperbolic assertion with which Gautier begins the concluding stanza of his poem: "Ce poème homérique et sans égal au monde", *Albertus* is interesting solely as a typical example of the Byronic influence in France and for the light it casts on the poet's ever-present attachment to painting, his first love among the arts.

This predilection is revealed in numerous poems contained in later collections of Gautier's verse. It even assumes a tone of bitterness in such poems as "la Diva", where we read:

"Pourquoi, découragé par vos divins tableaux,
Ai-je, enfant paresseux, jeté là mes pinceaux,
Et pris pour vous fixer le crayon du poète?

Pourquoi, lassé trop tôt dans une heure de doute,
Peinture bien-aimée, ai-je quitté ta route?
Que peuvent tous nos vers pour rendre la beauté?

Ah! combien, je regrette et comme je déplore
De ne plus être peintre."¹⁸

The poem "A une jeune tribun" is a veritable tirade against the "useful" arts and bourgeois morality. We read:

"Il est dans la nature, il est de belles choses,
Des rossignols oisifs, de paresseuses roses,
Des poètes rêveurs et des musiciens
Qui s'inquiètent peu d'être bons citoyens,
Qui vivent au hasard et n'ont d'autres maximes,
Sinon que tout est bon pourvu qu'on ait la rime;

¹⁵ *Premières poésies*, p. 19. The poem is undated but it is printed between one dated 1828 and another 1829, and must have been written in one or the other of these years, as it is only the fifth poem in the volume. *Albertus*, on the other hand, is dated 1831.

¹⁶ Stanza LV.

¹⁷ *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, line 506.

¹⁸ *Poésies diverses* (*Poésies complètes*, 1833-38, Vol. I, p. 229).

Qui s'enivrent de vers comme d'autres de vin
Et qui ne trouvent pas que l'art soit creux et vain.

Qui donc dira cela, que toute chose belle,
Femme, musique, ou fleur, ne porte pas en elle
Et son enseignement et sa moralité?"¹⁹

It would be supererogatory to call attention to the similarity of this passage to some of the oft-quoted lines of Keats. In "Pensées de minuit",²⁰ Gautier bewails the fact that the high enthusiasm of his youth had been replaced by a sceptical disillusionment due, in part at least, to his readings in the literature of Romanticism.

"J'ai lu Werther, René, son frère d'alliance ;
Ces livres, vrais poisons du cœur,
Qui déflorent la vie et nous dégoûtent d'elle,
Dont chaque mot vous porte une atteinte mortelle ;
Byron et son Don Juan moqueur."

A final point of interest in the first volume of Gautier's *Poésies complètes* is worthy of at least passing notice. A great many of the poems of the volume are capped by quotations drawn from a host of poets, native as well as foreign. A large number of these, naturally enough, are from the works of Gautier's fellow-Romanticists of France, England, and Germany: Musset, Joseph Delorme (Sainte-Beuve), Gérard de Nerval, Ulric Guttinguer, Pétrus Borel, Byron, Goldsmith, Bürger; but just as many, and this is significant, are taken from the pre-classical French poets. Virtually the entire Pléiade is thus honored, as are the *Roman de la Rose*, Alain Chartier, Villon, du Bartas, and Desportes. Gautier, for one, was convinced of the æsthetic kinship of the Romanticists with the French poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In the year 1836, Gautier, for monetary reasons exclusively, took a step which resulted in his enslavement for the remaining thirty-six years of his life and which he never ceased lamenting. He became the *feuilletoniste* of the Paris journal, *la Presse*, and later passed, in the same capacity, to *le Moniteur*

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 246-52.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 256-61.

universel and *le Journal officiel*, and was rescued from this cordially hated hack-work, to which he clung because it was the sole possible "gagne-pain" for one to whom any other profession but that of letters was unthinkable, only by his death in 1872. Week-in, week-out, Gautier must needs have his article—chiefly dramatic reviews and art-criticisms—ready for the greedy maws of the printing-presses. In a feverish chase after "copy", he took trips to Spain, Italy, Constantinople, and Russia, all of which were recounted in travel-essays later published in volume form. Whatever leisure he was able to wrest from his detested vocation he applied to the composition of poetry and prose fiction. His tour of Spain found poetic echo in a slender book, *España* (1845); his finest verses were collected into a volume upon which his permanent reputation as a poet will rest: *Emaux et camées* (1852). The poems contained in the second volume of the *Poésies complètes*²¹ are a continuous "lamento" against the fate that had chained him to the Ixion-wheel of the *feuilleton*. In "Sur un album" he complains:²²

"Ma poésie est morte, et je ne sais plus rien
Sinon que tout est laid, sinon que rien n'est bien."

And again:

"O poètes divins, je ne suis plus des vôtres!
On m'a fait une niche, où je veille tapi,
Dans le bas du journal comme un dogue accroupi."

In "Dans la sierra" he exclaims:²³

"J'aime d'un fol amour les monts fiers et sublimes!
.
.
.
Ils ne rapportent rien et ne sont pas utiles;
Ils n'ont que leur beauté, je le sais, c'est bien peu."

His admiration for pure poetry, in the person of Victor Hugo, is set down in "A Jean Duseigneur, Sculpteur:"²⁴

²¹ Which includes all his poems written after 1838, with the exception of those comprising the volume of *Emaux et camées*.

²² *Poésies diverses*, 1838-45 (*Poésies complètes*, Vol. II, pp. 53-54).

²³ *Ibid.*, *España*, p. 133.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, *Poésies nouvelles, poésies inédites, et poésies posthumes*, 1831-72, p. 167.

"Tout est grêle et mesquin dans cette époque étroite
Où Victor Hugo, seul, porte sa tête droite
Et crève les plafonds de son crâne géant."

Of the remaining poems in the volume, very few are deserving of attention. *La Comédie de la mort*²⁵ (1838) is a macabre composition that may not have been without influence upon Baudelaire; in it, the poet seeks, after the fashion of Ecclesiastes, to discover the meaning of life. This he does by consulting, in turn, Faust, the ardent seeker after knowledge; Don Juan, whose life was an uninterrupted quest for the ideal love; and Napoleon, who had staked his all upon the achievement of military glory. The poet concludes with Solomon that "all is vanity", and looks forward longingly to the release afforded by death.

Gautier, it has been asseverated, believed with firm conviction that art is its own justification, and that such art as is employed to serve as handmaiden to morals, ethics, religion, sociology, is thereby prostituted. This theory took its most concrete form in his *Emaux et camées*, the volume of verse which might well have inspired the poet to echo the Horatian "Exegi monumentum". In the prefatory poem, Gautier compares himself to Goethe, who amidst the fracas of the imperial wars, had composed the *West-östlicher Divan*; similarly, he (Gautier) had written the verses of which his volume was composed during the stormy days of the *coup d'état* of 1851.

"Sans prendre garde à l'ouragan
Qui fouettait mes vitres fermées
Moi, j'ai fait *Emaux et camées*."

In this collection of poems, Gautier had scrapped all the remnants of the Romantic folly and pseudo-philosophy evident in *Albertus* and *la Comédie de la mort*; he has become the complete master of his tools, and he has used these tools for the creation of poems which, for sheer perfection of artistic finish, have seldom been surpassed. The poems are truly "enamels and cameos"—clear-cut gems, exquisitely painted miniatures. For

²⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 3-49.

subject-matter Gautier has drawn upon all the beautiful, ostensibly useless things his eyes might anywhere have encountered: the hands or the azure eyes of a woman, the first smile of spring, a pink gown, the smoke issuing from a peasant's hut, fountains, tea-roses, clouds, flowers, turtle-doves. "Transpositions d'art" abound; a "Poème de la femme" has as its sub-title "Marbre de Paros"; there are a "Symphonie en blanc majeur", "Contralto", "Lied", "La Fellah—sur une aquarelle de la Princesse M." Chinese porcelains, Spanish guitars, music-boxes, butterflies, Russian furs, myosotis-flowers, dragon-flies, jewels—of such dainty ephemera has Gautier carved and chiseled his poetic Tanagra-marbles. The noteworthiness of this achievement becomes even more amazing when it is recalled that all the poems in the volume, with the exception of the last three, are written in the same metrical form, and that one of the simplest conceivable, the octosyllabic quatrain with alternating rhyme. The last of the *émaux et camées* is a veritable pæan to the durability of art. Its final stanzas read:

"Tout passe.—L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.
Le buste
Survit à la cité.

Et la médaille austère
Que trouve un laboureur
Sous terre
Révèle un empereur.

Les dieux eux-mêmes meurent
Mais les vers souverains
Demeurent
Plus fort que les airains.

Sculpte, lime, cisèle;
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc résistant."

This doctrine was a far cry from the Romanticism of 1830; not for a Lamartine or a Musset, a Hugo or a Vigny was the cold, patient kneading of impalpable nothings into immortal works of art. Indeed, Romanticism, long before its official inter-

ment in the failure of Hugo's last play, *les Burgraves* (1842), had become a house divided against itself. Out of the schism sprang the Parnassians. The generation that had come to life just before or during the stirring decade from 1820 to 1830 (Flaubert, Bouilhet, Fromentin, Leconte de Lisle, Théodore de Banville) had carried all through its youth a profound veneration for the giants of the epoch.²⁶ The link between the two generations was Théophile Gautier, the perfect poet of *Emaux et camées*. Though loyal all his life to the Romantic attachment of his youth, Gautier had traveled his own road. "Comme Alfred de Musset," says Maxime du Camp,²⁷ "il entendit garder son indépendance et il la garda jusqu'à la dernière heure, conservant son individualité intacte et ne se laissant pas entamer, malgré la dévotion qu'il professait pour Victor Hugo." And again: "Il resta ce qu'il voulut être, le chevalier errant de la littérature nouvelle, sans autre attache que l'admiration pour le général en chef et la sympathie pour le corps d'armée; mais il marcha isolé, n'accepta aucun joug, pas même celui de Victor Hugo." It was under the ægis of Gautier, the champion of poetry as a "pure" art comparable to music, painting, and sculpture, that the Parnassians were to launch their artistic strivings upon an indifferent world; for the practice of "art for art's sake" by no small number of the artists of our own day, we are indebted to the precept and example of Théophile Gautier.

AARON SCHAFFER.

University of Texas.

²⁶ An interesting statement of the attitude is to be found in Maxime du Camp's *Souvenirs littéraires* (2 vols., Paris, Hachette, 1906, Vol. I, Chaps. 4 and 5).

²⁷ *Théophile Gautier*, p. 129.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 130.

SOME COMMON ELEMENTS IN VIGNY AND MAUPASSANT

Sacrifice and suffering are the lot of man, and God is cruelly indifferent in allowing them. These are the two main tenets of Alfred de Vigny's pessimism. Man, however, is capable of stoic resignation in the presence of relentless fate, and of pity for the suffering of others. We have practically the same elements in the philosophy of Guy de Maupassant with a somewhat different treatment. Vigny exalts the poet, and distinguishes him from the mass. Maupassant separates the individual from society. In his isolated primitive state man is attractive; only as a member of society does he seem vile and stupid. Society contracts and belittles his intelligence.¹ Thus Maupassant appears to believe with Vigny that "l'homme a rarement tort, l'ordre social toujours".² In Vigny sacrifice arises through a sense of conscious moral grandeur. With Maupassant it has its source in the psychology of the character.

Those who would see no good in Maupassant's philosophy of life seem not to have noted one passage in *Pierre et Jean*, where Pierre declares with intense emotion to his father, "Il y a des jours où il faut savoir tout sacrifier, et renoncer aux meilleurs espoirs."³ This, I take it, constitutes the great theme on which the author constructed most of his important stories, and indicates a certain idealism that has been for the most part overlooked. It does not contain the note of complete despair characteristic of Vigny's romantic pessimism as revealed in the famous line, "L'espérance est la plus grande de nos folies,"⁴ for it is more kindly. It assumes particular importance in occurring in this novel in the preface to which Maupassant states his literary theories. He declares that the psychology of the character is the hidden bony structure of the novel.⁵ The

¹ *Sur l'eau*, p. 144. (Unless otherwise indicated all references are to the Ollendorf edition.)

² *Stello*, p. 107 (Nelson edition).

⁴ *Le journal d'un poète*, p. 237.

³ P. 256.

⁵ P. 15.

subject-matter of *Pierre et Jean* is the psychology of Pierre, and when the moment for decided action comes, it is on the basis of self-sacrifice that the young doctor acts, with no signs of ill humor nor under any protest. After much reflection he arrives at Vigny's conclusion that "Un désespoir paisible sans convulsion de colère et sans reproches au ciel, est la sagesse même."⁴ *Pierre et Jean* appeared as late as 1888, and so expresses a stoicism that is the result of careful reasoning, and one more nearly in harmony with Vigny's philosophical approach, which differs at least in kind from the stoical pessimism of Maupassant's stories.

Tolstoi gives praise to *Une Vie*⁵ because the author there establishes a moral relationship between himself and the heroine. He condemns *Pierre et Jean* and the greater part of Maupassant's stories because the same moral relationship is not manifested in them. He says the author raises the question of the meaning of life but does not answer it. The meaning, however, would seem to be sacrifice as revealed in a very definite moral position taken, not only in *Pierre et Jean*, but in the earlier tales also. Just as Pierre's decision represents the only one compatible with his personal integrity, so in these earlier stories a similar moral conviction affords the only possible solution of life's problems for most of the leading characters. Even in his first story Maupassant chose a theme of sacrifice, and as if to indicate a conscious purpose on his part, he keeps repeating the word "*sacrifier*". Boule de Suif was expected to sacrifice herself for the good of the limited social group in which chance had placed her, and her sacrifice, though wholly unappreciated by her fellow-passengers, brought from her no fit of rage against the selfishness of society. Her sacrifice may have been her only virtue, but it transcended those of her companions. The line in Vigny's *Wanda*, "Sacrifice, ô toi seul, peut-être est la vertu!" contains the theme of several of Maupassant's early stories. The wave of patriotic enthusiasm following the war of 1870 affords the excuse for this theme. When an elegant

⁴ Zola, *Dumas, Maupassant*, pp. 112 ff.

Prussian officer insults the French, Mademoiselle Fifi does not hesitate to plunge a knife into his throat even though the deed will mean horrible torture and death to herself. "Les deux amis" do not flinch before death when it becomes a question of their country's safety.

No emotionalism, however, made possible the sacrifice in *La Parure*. Monsieur and Madame Loisel are "rudement contents" that they have succeeded in the moral obligation imposed upon them by the loss of the necklace. Monsieur Loisel never once upbraided his wife for her carelessness, but rather resigned himself, as did she, to the life of long privations made necessary in order to pay their debt. Their decision was based on a sense of what was honorable, and revealed a tenacity of purpose and a personal pride that Maupassant again paints for us in *Oncle Jules*. This beggar had had his chance and had failed, but he had the courage to play the game through to the end. He was seeking no mercy nor sympathy from his brother, who with his wife and family represents the mass of humanity. The same pride and unflinching courage we find in *Le Bonheur*, a tale of appalling sacrifice for the sake of impassioned love. Here resignation and serene acceptance of loneliness and utter isolation from all social contacts brings complete happiness to a woman who had enjoyed the gayeties of society in her youth. We may well question the genuineness of this happiness as doubtless Maupassant did, since he gave an entirely different rendering of the story in *Sur l'eau*. He did not, however, lessen the magnitude of the woman's pride and courage.

Monsieur Chantel harbored no resentment toward his mother although she had exacted of him his life's happiness because Mademoiselle Perle was a foundling and so could not become his bride. He accepted this decree in the same manner that he was later forced to accept his own sadness of heart and the total lack of love in his home. Convention had established a standard of respectability that his upbringing would not let him question. His submission lay not in stupidity but in a wholesome regard for what was due his mother. Abbé Dentu in *Le Baptême* without a murmur sacrificed his desires to become a

father to the requirements of his religion and accepted as inevitable the sadness of his lonely heart. The author reveals enough of the priest's character to point out the harmony of this sacrifice with his sense of righteousness.

Uncomplaining sacrifice meets with no reward except possibly in *Le Bonheur*. It constitutes merely the only solution in harmony with the integrity of the character Maupassant wishes to portray, for there does not even seem to be any sense of conscious victory. This is particularly true in *Une Vie*, written in 1883, where a whole life is sacrificed in order that the integrity of the home might survive. The theme is the same as in *Pierre et Jean*, only in the latter, written five years later, sacrifice is directed to a definite end. In *Une Vie* Jeanne's father declared to her: "Vois-tu, fillette, voilà ce qui'il y a de meilleur au monde: le foyer, le foyer avec les siens autour? Rien ne vaut ça."⁷ Life and all its institutions including the Church forced upon Jeanne the complete sacrifice of herself. When at last embittered by the infidelity of her husband she was driven to rebel, her father, her mother, the priest of her parish, the past and the future, imposed a pitiless silence upon her and impelled her to accept circumstances as they were. The author goes on to say, "L'habitude mettait sur sa vie une couche de résignation pareille au revêtement de calcaire que certaines eaux déposent sur les objets."⁸ Indignation so surged in the breast of the Count de Fourville, however, that he brought about the complete destruction of his faithless wife and her lover. His uncontrollable wrath carries with it no justification in the mind of the reader and arouses no sympathy. All sympathy lies with Jeanne who endured Julien's faithlessness. The same idea is carried out in the treatment of the two priests. Abbé Tolbiac opposed with all the might of his ecclesiastical position the loose sexual relations existing among the peasants, and also among the nobles, of his parish. He was uncompromising even in the slightest irregularities, and the zeal of his puritanical ideals but brought him trouble and dissension. Soon his use-

⁷ P. 108.

⁸ P. 110.

fulness in his parish was at an end, while his predecessor, Abbé Picot, whose tolerance of conditions that he was unable to change had permitted him years of helpfulness among these people, exerted much influence for good. His sympathy, always full of complete understanding of their trials, had enabled him to lighten human suffering. When Jeanne in her despair was about to hurl herself from the cliff into the sea, she reflected upon the sorrow and distress she would cause her parents, and subdued her emotion and controlled her impulses even in this moment of agony. In spite of her unselfishness, it was true, as she declared, that "la fatalité s'est acharnée sur sa vie",⁹ and yet she bore her trials with great fortitude. Both Olivier Bertin and the Countess de Guilleroy in *Fort comme la Mort* protested against their fate and fought the terror of approaching years until the reader has no sympathy with them, but despises them rather for their lack of courage. One longs for the strength of resignation manifested by the more nearly typical Maupassant characters.

The resignation in Maupassant resembles closely that in Vigny except there is not the same sense of conscious moral grandeur that we find in *Mourir sans parler*. It is not a reasoned resignation save in *Pierre et Jean*. It has its source in moral integrity as in *La Parure*, where not only a sense of honor made Monsieur Loisel and his wife pay for the necklace, but a sense of shame prevented their confessing the loss at the outset. Usually this resignation is only half consciously felt by the person himself, and the nature of it remains hidden though it controls his action completely, as is the case in *Mademoiselle Perle* and in *Le Baptême*. It does not imply a whole philosophical theory as with Vigny, though it is nevertheless as exciting in its idealism.

Vigny's intense resentment toward God for his indifference to human sacrifices and suffering was fully shared by Maupassant. He found Him both cruel and unjust. Moiron, in his anguish, declares that "Il a inventé les maladies, les accidents pour Se

⁹P. 287.

divertir."¹⁰ Olivier, too, in *Fort comme la Mort* cries "Celui qui a inventé cette existence et fait les hommes a été bien aveugle méchant."¹¹ In speaking of Miss Harriet the painter declares "Je sentis peser sur cette créature humaine l'éternelle injustice de l'implacable nature."¹² It is in *L'Angélus*, his last novel, that Maupassant most vigorously asserts his hatred for God. He again maintains that He invented our diseases and miseries and is "l'éternel meurtrier qui ne semble goûter le plaisir de produire que pour savourer insatiablement sa passion acharnée de tuer de nouveau." Fortunately the animals remain in ignorance of "cet éternel massacre de ce Dieu qui les a créés."¹³ Like Vigny, too, he admires greatly the sublime character of the Christ.¹⁴ "Le Christ aussi a peut-être été trompé par Dieu dans sa mission, comme nous le sommes. Mais il est devenu Dieu lui-même pour la terre, pour notre terre misérable, pour notre petite terre couverte de souffrants et de manants. . . . Le Christ doit être aussi une victime de Dieu."¹⁵ Further on in *L'Angélus* the author continues in a spirit that resembles closely that of *Le Mont des Oliviers*: "Mais le Christ chez qui toute pitié, toute grandeur, toute philosophie, toute connaissance de l'humanité, sont descendues on ne sait d'où, qui fut plus malheureux que les plus misérables, qui naquit dans une étable et mourut cloué sur un tronc d'arbre, en nous laissant à tous la seule parole de vérité qui soit sage et consolante pour vivre en ce triste endroit, celui-là c'est mon Dieu, c'est mon Dieu à moi."¹⁶ If this word is "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt," Maupassant in this, the last novel from his pen, seems to be submitting a religious justi-

¹⁰ *Moiron (Clair de Lune)*, p. 258.

¹² P. 47.

¹¹ P. 309. Cf. *Le journal d'un poète*, 269-282. ¹³ P. 310 (Conard edition).

¹⁴ Cf. Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits, Guy de Maupassant*, p. 265.

¹⁵ P. 207.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 208. As another point of comparison between Vigny and Maupassant, see Lacaze-Duthiers, *Guy de Maupassant, Son Œuvre*, p. 48, where he calls our attention to Maupassant's attitude toward the modern scientific and materialistic age: "le triomphe complet de la démocratie." Scientific industry has so completely invaded every realm that there is no more sense of art; there is only to be found "Savants de commerce", and none of the pure science of Galileo, Newton, or Pascal. This is the complaint of Vigny in *Paris* and in *La Maison du Berger*.

fication for his many tales of human sacrifice which is closely akin to the philosophy that runs through all the works of Vigny. If, however, this word is love and pity for suffering humanity we find it characterizing much of all that Maupassant himself wrote.

Whatever Doumic¹⁷ and Lemaître¹⁸ may say to the contrary, Maupassant does manifest great piety for his characters. Joseph Conrad states that "he is merciless yet gentle with his mankind; he does not despise their labors; he does not rail at their small artifices. He looks with an eye of profound pity upon their troubles, deception and misery."¹⁹ Maynial remarks that with the publication of *Mont Oriol* Maupassant's critics discovered a note of tenderness and emotion that appeared new.²⁰ In *Miss Harriet* (1884), however, he had already struck a very clear note of pity. The story is not one of scorn for the prejudices and conventions of a ridiculous old maid, but is rather one of compassion for this lonely, unloved, and unlovely spinster. The keynote of the story is revealed in the kiss placed by the artist on her cold, dead brow. Pity, too, is the sole effect sought in *L'Odysée d'une jeune fille* as is shown by the frequently repeated, "Pauvre fille!" Respect and pity are what the author feels for the priest in *Le Baptême*. He is obviously in sympathy also with little Joseph's pity for his wretched uncle Jules. Our hearts ache for Monsieur Chantal and Mademoiselle Perle, and for little Simon in *Le Papa de Simon*, as well as for the child Fontanelle in *Madame Baptiste*. Perhaps none of Maupassant's stories is more moving than the one in *Sur l'eau* telling of the poor, crippled old woman forced to spend two hours crawling along as best she can to the shop to procure her small loaf of daily bread. This painful journey she had to make because no one else was willing to do the errand for her. This pitiful tale closes with, "Et quelle route douloureuse! Quel chemin de la croix plus effroyable que celui du Christ!"²¹

¹⁷ See *Portraits d'Ecrivains*, p. 67.

²¹ P. 113.

¹⁸ See *Les Contemporains*, 6ième sér., p. 302.

¹⁹ *Notes on Life and Letters, Guy de Maupassant*, p. 29.

²⁰ Maynial, Ed., *La Vie et L'Œuvre de Guy de Maupassant*, p. 151.

Maupassant manifests great pity, too, for the wretched peasant dying of diphtheria alone in his miserable cottage.²² Nowhere else does he show more sympathy for those who suffer in loneliness. With singular accuracy he puts his finger on the sore spots of society that need gentle treatment. He selects an individual, and displays unusual capacity for understanding his sorrow. Mr. Sherard in his recent treatise²³ on Maupassant says that in *L'Angélus* the author puts all his pity and all his heart. Maupassant could not read it to his friends without choking with emotion. The suffering of the young wife at the hands of the invading Prussians proved more than his sympathetic soul could endure without the relief of tears. He himself maintained that this novel would be the crowning of his literary career.²⁴

While it may well be that the element of pity became more and more evident in Maupassant's writings as the disease that finally mastered him began to take definite hold of his mind, and also that his resentment toward God and his admiration for the Christ grew as his own suffering became more intense, this is not true of the elements of resignation and sacrifice which we find in his works from the very first. In his later years he seemed to feel as did Vigny that "La contemplation du malheur même donne une jouissance intérieure à l'âme qui lui vient de son travail sur l'idée du malheur."²⁵

RAY P. BOWEN.

University of Oregon.

²² *Ibid.*, pp. 123 ff.

²³ Sherard, Robert Harborough, *The Life, Work and Evil Fate of Guy de Maupassant*, p. 168.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 375.

²⁵ *Le journal d'un poète*, p. 268.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

One of the most difficult feats which anyone can set for himself is to attempt to understand a mentality, or—more difficult still—a temperament which differs from his own. Even harder is to be able, while understanding, to tolerate and perhaps to like those really different from ourselves. And finally, so rare as to be called gifted, is the writer who can do these things and can also understand so well a foreign mentality that he succeeds in interpreting it to his own countrymen and who makes them like it. These difficult things Maurois has done, and in his first printed works, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble* and *Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady*, written, or at least published, in his early thirties.

During the war Maurois had been an interpreter attached to various staff headquarters of the British army, and in these two books he seeks to give a faithful, if amusing, picture of several individual British officers, a few of whom may well be taken as types. It will be readily admitted that all generalizations are dangerous, and that those about national characteristics are particularly subject to error. Yet in America under our very eyes uniform conditions such as nation-wide advertising, boosters clubs, etc., are producing a class or type whose members differ in appearance, thought, and action scarcely more than so many ants. So, in a different way, has the British public school fashioned its own famous type. I think that the tendency is more and more to-day to admit that generalizations, so inaccurate about nations as a whole, may fit pretty closely to given economic layers of society.

How rare is the ability to generalize *well* about the foreigner we may measure by the smallness of the number of writers who have made a success of it. By the words "generalize well" I mean generalize interestingly and accurately. Of recent years, what writers in English have given us *sound* and *readable* interpretations of Frenchmen? Philip Guedalla? He is clever, but can we trust him? Lytton Strachey? He has wisely attempted by

preference peculiar individuals—seldom a type or a class. And very few Frenchmen have succeeded fully in interpreting Anglo-Saxons for the French. We have only to note how far from understanding America Tardieu and even Clemenceau have been.

The more remarkable, then, seems the achievement of André Maurois in these two first books. Of course he had studied and travelled extensively in Great Britain before the war. But better than a lifetime of residence for understanding a foreign people is the penetrating analytical instinct and a recording ear. Colonel Bramble, the simple-minded man of action, was no doubt hardest for Maurois to understand because of the officer's very lack of complexity. The heavy stolidity of the professional soldier, which so irritated and discouraged Pierrefeu when he met it in Joffre, seems only to have amused Maurois, who really *liked* this type of soldier, perhaps for the same reason that Sinclair Lewis is said to prefer the society of the most unabashed Babbitt to that of the near-intellectual. Maurois is evidently attracted, not so much to simplicity in itself, but to the lack of pretense which sometimes goes with it.

While Maurois appears in the book under the name of the interpreter Aurelle, he modestly refrains from drawing himself as an individual, but is simply an, or better *the*, type of the intellectual Frenchman; a sort of background used to throw his British types into higher relief. His own ideas he seems to have divided between Major Parker, a cultivated, intelligent conservative, and Doctor O'Grady, an Irish Bergeret. And Aurelle is clearly expressing Maurois's own sentiments when he writes:

An English gentleman, a real one, comes pretty close to being the finest type yet produced by the evolution of that pitiable group of mammals which at this time are creating a certain amount of disturbance on earth. In the midst of the frightful meanness and wickedness of the human race, the English form an oasis of courtesy and indifference. Men detest each other by nature; the English ignore each other. I am very fond of them.

Doctor O'Grady in a passage strongly suggesting many similar passages in Anatole France, and particularly one in Crainquebille, says:

A man who is too clever for the class into which chance has caused him to be born, is at first simply jealous or unfortunate. Inspired by these sentiments, he formulates a vehement criticism of society in order to explain his disappointments and his hates. But when these sentiments of discontent are those of a whole class or of a whole nation, the passionate theorist becomes a prophet or a hero, but if he explains that he would have liked to be born an emperor, he is promptly locked up in a madhouse.

Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady presents the same characters, with much more emphasis, naturally, upon the Irish doctor. While I disclaim any attempt to sustain a thesis of *influence*, for these are often debatable or absurd, the following passages, amusing and interesting in themselves, will have a familiar sound to every reader who knows his Anatole France:

Inevitably Bolshevism will fail because it does not take into sufficient consideration hunger, thirst, and love, the foundations and the founders of human society. Any system which does not reckon with selfishness must perish. But also, any régime which fails to reckon with the age-old quality of human gregariousness will be shaken to the depths every two thousand years by painful and mystic crises.

General Bramble having observed that his officers' mess was "one happy family", the cynical Doctor replies: "The mess *does* show all of the characteristics of the family, since it is an assemblage of beings brought together by chance alone, who do not understand each other, who judge each other severely, and are *obliged* to *endure* each other". And later: "Men know how to adorn their desires with a fairly attractive ideology which may deceive some people, but it is easy for the specialist to recognize the instinct under the thought. Every doctrine is an autobiography. Every expression of a philosophy calls for a diagnosis". Again Maurois, speaking this time as Aurelle, clears up incisively a point of a difference of national psychology

which has puzzled many thoughtful observers. He says that, with the French, ideas are active and dangerous forces which must be handled with prudence. With the English, actions are so clearly determined by a rigid training that the verbal clowneries of a Shaw are felt to be harmless bits of acrobatics, which the most realistic conservative may enjoy with perfect safety. Thus Dr. O'Grady can propound the most blasphemous theories at the Mess without disturbing General Bramble, who was trained at Eton and thus *knows* himself to be invulnerable.

Maurois's next book, *Ni Ange ni Bête*, had a curious inception. The novelist had left the lycée imbued with Socialistic ideas, but when he entered business he found his theories necessarily in painful conflict with his actions. For some years, also, Maurois had been meditating upon the life of Shelley, and the idealism of the poet clashing with the materialism of society seemed to resemble closely his own problem. He resolved to embody this struggle in a novel and found that the provincial city of Abbéville, where military service had called him at this time (1918) furnished many of the elements of an excellent setting for the tale. The stormy period of 1848 seemed a favorable epoch, and some local documents of the period furnished counterparts for Shelley and his unfaithful friend Hogg, leaving to be created only the rôle of Shelley's wife, Harriet. The book was commercially at least a failure, yet its author felt that he had found a subject of value, and resolved to do it over again as his *Ariel*.

It was the *Ariel*, of course, which first brought André Maurois into general recognition. Just how much the vogue of Marcel Proust, with his introspective turning towards the past, had prepared the public for an era of biography, is difficult to determine. Besides Maurois's own statement, there is ample evidence that he wrote his *Life of Shelley* because of a hidden but strong affinity of nature between himself and his subject. Whether Maurois shrewdly sensed the turn of public taste in France towards faintly ironical biographies in the manner of Lytton Strachey, it is impossible to say. If Maurois did not

inaugurate the genre in France, at least he broadened its popularity immensely.

The *Ariel* has been so widely read, and is so generally known, that there is little need to consider it in detail here. I should like, however, to take up for a moment the usual, if not the only criticism, which has been levelled at the book. In substance this criticism is that Maurois has failed to give an adequate analysis of the lyric inspiration and power of the poet; in other words, that the biographer has neglected the very aspect of his subject which makes him worth writing about. Maurois met this objection to an extent when he advanced the opinion that much of Shelley's power was derived from a sort of knight-errant attitude towards women, an attitude due to a mingling of sensuality and pity, which stimulated to the highest point his power of poetic creation. Partial and inadequate as this analysis may be, it is at least as enlightening in explanation of lyric inspiration as many longer and more pretentious efforts to solve this baffling problem. Those of us who have painfully toiled through long articles, and even volumes in a search (almost invariably fruitless) for an adequate explanation or analysis of the lyric power of a Musset or a Hugo, will scarcely be inclined to blame M. Maurois for not attempting the impossible. The *Ariel* is always fascinating reading, and at times it fairly sparkles, yet it is without that constant straining after cleverness which renders even such gifted writers as Guedalla or Giraudoux tiresome after a time.

In his *Dialogues sur la Commandement* Maurois has wisely made no effort to cast into the form of a novel the ideas which he wishes to express. These dialogues are between a lieutenant, on leave in France from service in North Africa, and one of his former teachers, simply called here the Philosopher, who has served through the Great War as a private soldier. The young officer is a psychological portrait of one of the best types of "*la jeune France*" of to-day—born for action, but open to reasoning, though inclined to rely more upon the virtues of intuition. The Philosopher is much more the typical intellectual of the early years of the century. One suspects that

Maurois, like Vigny in his *Stello*, has divided his own personality into two unequal parts, and has attempted to confirm some of his own floating convictions by presenting a carefully balanced debate between them. I felt that M. Maurois endowed the philosopher with the greater share of his own mental and spiritual qualities, and the lieutenant with several of those which he has observed and admired in others. So evenly matched are the two men that few definite conclusions are reached. One of the most penetrating things in the book is the Philosopher's opinion that "genius is the twin certitude of divining one's genius and *creating* one's self to perform it".

Meïpe is a series of three short stories connected by a common philosophical idea. The word was invented by a little girl, Maurois's daughter, to whom it meant an imaginary country, a land of dreams and peace, a sort of refuge from the miseries of reality. M. Maurois calls *Meïpe* the lotus land of those who find a solace in reading. Goethe is the hero of the first story, in which we see how he derived Werther from his own experience. The poet was unburdened of his sorrows and made happy by the creative effort of writing the tale. The hero of the second story, a young student, imagines that love will deliver him from reality and give him an escape into an ideal life. In the third story Maurois shows us the eighteenth-century actress, Mrs. Siddons, and how she avoided the pitfalls of love by her absorption in her art. Thus are shown three important divisions of humanity: the creator, the absorber and the interpreter attempting to find their refuge from life in art. This fascinating book may be read as biography or as fiction. I do not mean that M. Maurois has distorted the facts, but rather that he has moulded his material in order to give a unity of purpose to his historical characters which an objective study of their lives would, I am inclined to suspect, show to have been absent. At any rate, M. Maurois has sustained in a charming and distinguished book, the opinion that reality is dangerous and that the safest escape from it is through whatever form of art we poor humans are best adapted to seek out and follow.

In *Bernard Quesnay* M. Maurois turns from the analysis of historical characters to one created, or at least observed, by himself. The book is the story of the Quesnay brothers, Antoine and Bernard, both recently discharged officers of the Great War, whom peace brings back to the management of an inherited woolen mill. Both resent the routine of business and Antoine escapes from it by retiring. The main theme of the story is the conflict in the soul of Bernard between a craving for a freer and more artistic life than one of business, and his hereditary, severe, and absorbing duty as a captain of industry. Here is a theme which M. Maurois had probably lived through (*vécu*), because the conflict between the call of material interests and the artistic urge must at times have been acute in his own mind, since he manages an important woolen mill and yet finds time for his creative and his critical articles and lectures. M. Maurois could scarcely have drawn a convincing character, however, who could have carried on with both types of interest as he himself has done. It might be objected that Estaunié and Giraudoux have succeeded in this feat, and apparently without compromise, but these three examples simply go to prove again that life sometimes offers situations which, in fiction, we should call impossible.

If *Ariel* fell short of complete success, as some critics maintain, to explain the genius of Shelley, the omission was inevitable because real genius cannot be completely analyzed. In dealing with the character of Disraeli Maurois faced a more possible task, and has therefore succeeded more completely in it. Disraeli was a man of action primarily, as his biographer sees him, and his astounding rise was due to the possession and use, to an intense degree, of several rather common qualities, most of which many decidedly average people enjoy to a certain extent. These qualities being, unlike the almost mystically poetic genius of a Shelley, within the reach of a penetrating, analytical mind, M. Maurois has given us an almost perfect example of biography. Besides the supreme art with which the central and the lesser characters are drawn, the book has another great merit. For behind the principal hero the reader

sees the unfolding of fifty years of the life of a great people during one of its greatest epochs. The whole of Victorian England, with its sovereign, its ministers, its parties, economic doctrines, its great lords and its swarming industrial population is called back to life in *Disraeli*, and the apparently effortless manner in which this evocation is made is a proof of the remarkable historical intuition which guided and moulded the whole work.

Just a word in closing concerning the progress which M. Maurois is making in the United States. The *Ariel* was the first of his books to be translated into English. Its publishers, D. Appleton & Company, inform me that while their policy does not permit the publication of definite figures of sales, the book was not only the leading biography of the season in which it was brought out, but was one of the best sellers all over the country for more than a year. They also inform me that *Meïpe* (translated as *Mape*) ran into two large editions, and *Bernard Quesnay* three. *Dialogues sur le Commandement* was also published in translation as *Captains and Kings*. The monthly magazine, *Vanity Fair*, which seems to pride itself on being particularly smart and up-to-date, offers, in a somewhat amusing way, evidence that Maurois is coming within the pale of a certain type of young "intellectual". (Fortunately, his fame rests on other grounds too). The November (1927) *Vanity Fair* published, under the title *The Birth of a Great Artist*, a clever satire by Maurois upon the pretense and *snobisme* of new movements in art. The story first appeared in a Viennese daily in 1924, whence it was reprinted in *The Living Age* of August 2, 1923, under the title *An Artist's Career*.

The *Disraeli*, which appeared as a serial in the *Forum* last year, is now available in book form. M. Maurois has recently done the city of Rouen (where he was a student in the Lycée Corneille) in the *Portrait de France* series. The last number of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* contains the welcome announcement that his *Dickens*, originally issued in a limited edition and *introuvable* Corneille is now available in a volume of collected essays entitled *Études Anglaises*.

In October of 1927 M. Maurois delivered a series of lectures at Princeton on the general theme of the novel, and during November he made an extended tour in this country as the official lecturer of the *Alliance Française*, an experience which he enjoyed very much and which he plans to renew this year, he said in his first interview on landing in France last December.

In recent years M. Maurois has delivered many lectures in England upon various phases of French life and thought, and has contributed penetrating analytical articles to several British periodicals. In these lectures and articles he has attempted to lay before the British public the best of the French culture. In his own country, by his lectures, his frequent articles and by his books, he has helped his own countrymen to a better knowledge of their neighbors across the Channel. In the *domaine de la pensée* it is perfectly safe to style M. Maurois an unofficial but highly appreciated liaison officer between France and England.

The talents of André Maurois, being those of the thinker, are of the kind which broaden and deepen with years and experience. There would be a certain impertinence, it seems to me, in attempting to assign so relatively young a writer a ranking in literature at the present time, for much of his best work is probably still before him. It is, however, safe to say that no writer, unknown before the war, has since that time conquered as wide and as solid a renown as has the author of *La Vie de Disraeli*.

D. C. CABEEN.

Vanderbilt University.

THE BARNABOOTH PERIOD

A short view of modern literature shows two highly marked types: Grail-seekers and Mockers. Frequently they are the same writer. If one had to pick a book that contained both types and, in addition, the striking peculiarities of our time, one could not do better than to pick *A. O. Barnabooth* by Valery Larbaud. Justly enough, this book has been called "*une somme des aspirations de notre époque*". Only pedants would quarrel if we called this epoch "The Barnabooth period".

M. René Latou has well said that "*A. O. Barnabooth, ses œuvres complètes, c'est-à-dire un conte, ses poésies, et son journal intime*"¹ is a book which . . . 'one must not only have read, but know', a compendium of the aspirations of our epoch." As Valery Larbaud tells his story, Barnabooth is a Walt Whitman of the Ritz who spends his life in the search of the absolute. This search carries him to many places—among them Florence, San Marino, Venice, Trieste, Moscow, Serghievo, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, London—and at last back to his native South America.

One day Barnabooth sees his photograph in a Viennese paper with only this commentary:

MR. A. OLSON BARNABOOTH
£10,450,000 A YEAR!

It is from this that Barnabooth is trying to escape; it is because of this that he offers himself to all sorts of experience; and finally, it is only as this that Europe is willing to accept him. Hence his lament at the end of his diary: "O little Vanity Fair, O charm of Europe, you would readily take all of me except what I offered you with so much love: the wisdom I have painfully acquired and my spirit of industry and obedience." Only when Barnabooth gives himself away in a marriage of love does he feel that he has found something real and that he may lose the sad love of himself from which he has suffered so much.

¹ *His Diary* has been translated by Gilbert Cannan.

Thus a fabulously rich young man, whose idea of Germany is that of a place where life is "a time of philological studies, mixed with cigarettes and kisses", runs through his patrimony of European civilization, and prepares to sail for South America with his face set towards the unknown and his eyes still towards the absolute. The wine of Europe he has savoured with some disillusion and disgust; but a subtle bouquet remains in the pages of Larbaud and hints at an attitude to life that Barnabooth only partly achieves.

Barnabooth is the most recent edition of Werther, but a Werther who has read Laforgue. The Werther mind,—proud, sensitive, self-tormenting, egotistic and sceptical,—was dominated by the same two characteristics that rule the Barnabooth mind. They are a morbid egoism and an exasperated sensibility. The Barnabooth mind is, if possible, more introspective; and psycho-analysis has taught it to be more curious in that introspection.

Mocking irony, reminiscent of Laforgue, is the acid test which this mind applies to its introspection and to the outward show of things. Barnabooth, who is an amateur *vers libriste* and who has published his poems in *Les Poésies de A. O. Barnabooth*, says in his poem "*Le Masque*", "*J'écris toujours avec un masque sur le visage.*" That mask is the irony which Barnabooth wears on his face as he regards the world and himself, but that mask does not make him timid, rather it makes him brave, in his introspection. In fact, as with Laforgue, it is frequently a shield for the heart; again it gives the brutal clarity that some identify with heartlessness in Paul Morand. Of course it is the chief weapon of the Mocker.

Now this Barnabooth is perhaps most of all a Grail-seeker; and his grail-seeking, when it is not taking the form of cosmopolitan traveling, is carried on largely in himself. The grail he is trying to find is older than Socrates, though intimately associated with his name: it is himself. Barnabooth named his grail in these words, "I set myself then before all to know myself"; having taken resolve, he pursued it all over Europe and in every cranny of his mind, submitting himself to all kinds

of experience as chemical elements are submitted to a catalyzer, yet the compound of personality did not come, at least in recognizable form; and at times he seemed to fear its coming, as when he wrote: "With the years my personality no doubt will be fixed; then, I shall write 'I' without hesitation, believing that I know what it is. It is fatal, like death. . . ."

He fears the discovery of his identity as an act of self-deception and he will not be duped. Failing to find himself in Europe and at last giving hostages to the world for love, he sets his "face towards the unknown" in distant South America. With Barnabooth, finding the grail is like an act of self-flagellation. Like that other Werther, he is fundamentally serious; his sense of futility arises from the disillusioned sadness which becomes audible when he cries, "I have not added a cubit to my stature." Many of the Grail-seekers of our time have this disillusioned sadness because either they or their surroundings, or both, have not added a cubit to their stature.

Another very striking, perhaps the most striking, characteristic of the Barnabooth Period is its cosmopolitanism. Many of its most original writers are, like Barnabooth, perpetual run-aways from all environments, and, as regards culture, great Europeans. The search for the grail, holy or unholy, and the business of mocking, with cruel clarity or ruthless irony, carries them all over Europe and into most of the languages; for these Barnabooths would miss nothing. Need I point out the cosmopolitanism of *The Dial* in America, *The Criterion* in England, and the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in France? This is a hall-mark in such writers as Morand, Larbaud, Cocteau, Giraudoux, Huxley, Eliot, Strachey, Aldington, Van Vechten; complete the list yourself. Think of such runaways from environment, think of Joyce writing in France, of Eliot's poems in French, of Valéry turning to Poe, of Ezra Pound's æsthetic migrations, and you will realize the great internationalism which distinguishes the Barnabooth Period. Eliot's *Waste Land* is the very epitome of it, mingling the New World, Europe, and the East in a pot-pourri of grail-seeking with accents of the mocker. Just as

Wertherism became cosmopolitan, so cosmopolitanism has become part of the new Wertherism.

If I were to pluck the heart out of modern literature, at least as it is being written by those who are not unoriginally repeating the eternal commonplaces of literature, I should have to do it again with words of Barnabooth: "Oh! to live as they do, on the philosophy of a health resort, the metaphysic of the Riviera! I will belong to the majority, one of those who live on the margin of themselves with their backs resolutely turned to the Central Africa of their souls." Here we have the content of modern literature, the two attitudes, their blend and their conflict. The Mockers turn their brutal clarity and malicious irony on those who live on the margin of themselves with the philosophy of a health resort; the Grail-seekers turn their eyes to the Central Africa of their souls; frequently these attitudes blend or conflict. Here are reasons for disillusion, futility, sick souls, and jeering minds; here is the explanation of the post-war mental débâcle; for the war, instead of adding a cubit to our stature, reduced the world to the philosophy of a health resort.

But who are the chief Mockers? They are Morand, who has shown the whole of Europe living on the metaphysic of the Riviera; Larbaud himself, who has drawn the representative hero of our time; Strachey, with his motto of *j'expose*; Cocteau, who takes a novel to tell that hearts are no longer being worn; Van Vechten, whose Peter Whiffle searches for the rose leaves that will turn a Golden Ass into a man; Ezra Pound, who lent the Cuckoo a profane voice and the Philistines the benefit of his contempt; and there are others.

Then there are the hybrids, part mocker and part grail-seeker, such as Huxley, Eliot, Joyce; perhaps Larbaud really belongs here. Huxley, who in *Crome Yellow* has judged his contemporaries by *The Lives of the Cæsars*, has expressed more of his mockery in *Antic Hay* and more of his grail-seeking in *Those Barren Leaves*. Grail-seeking is in *The Waste Land* of T. S. Eliot while mockery prevails in his *Love-Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. This love-song shows us how Werther now sings to Charlotte with the equivocation of age and the scruples of scep-

tical love; with his arms about the Lovely Fair our modern Pyrrho murmurs, "Am I in love? Alas! I do not know." Both mockery and grail-seeking are evident in James Joyce, though he is primarily a grail-seeker. While the pure mocker contents himself with deriding those who live on the margin of themselves, these hybrids cannot keep out of the picture a background of the soul.

The pure grail-seeker is a very scarce individual; truth demands that we speak of those who are predominantly grail-seekers. Those who are trying to find a substitute for the philosophy of a health resort, whose chief concern is their soul, number some of those already mentioned as hybrids. I believe that Eliot is primarily a grail-seeker, and Joyce, and that Huxley is becoming more of one with each book. No one can fail to hear in *The Waste Land* the cry for the death of the spirit that finds an answer in "What the Thunder Said"; no one can overlook the mystical turn which the current ennui of soul takes at the end of *Those Barren Leaves*. And the cry of an anguished spirit, goaded to blasphemy and filth, has never had more tremendous expression than it gets in *Ulysses*. I could add Middleton Murry whose grail-seeking is less creative, although it appears even in his criticism and has recently taken the form of a life of Christ.

Such a summary omits many who have equal or better right to appear; it may be that I have chosen the more colorful examples. If so, it is because examples have been lost in my chief purpose, which is to suggest outlines of the character of contemporary literature, not to establish a hierarchy. Some of these suggested outlines are exasperated sensibility, morbid egoism, psycho-analytic introspection, and cosmopolitanism, while their two main patterns are mocking and grail-seeking. The exasperated sensibility and morbid egoism, which are causes of the effects I have described, are striking enough in A. O. Barnabooth, my exemplar; such phrases as "sick of admiring myself", "affirmation of self", "outside oneself", illustrate both the egolatry and the nostalgia for the absolute. The mood of disillusioned sadness, boredom, and general futility,

or its opposite of heartless frivolity, which these traits have induced in contemporary literature can be felt by all who read.

The Barnabooth mind has lost even those few illusions that remained to Werther. To-day God and Love, during the little ironies of tea and wafers, dance on the tight-wire of the buffoon. Love invariably, unless D. H. Lawrence is scratching its skin to find the savage, is left, after sophisticated toying, in the bottom of the blue teacup which mirrors the ironic and carmined simper of Mlle. Melancholy; of God we "remember a slice of lemon, and a bitten macaroon."

But the Barnabooth mind of contemporary literature has at least its hydroptique thirst for the absolute, at least tries to get outside itself, and to find a home in a world that rolls on balloon tires. Futile and bored, it sets its face toward the unknown, hoping to find reality by the gift of self, yet fearing the narveté of the emotions, and sometimes regretting the decisive wisdom which sees this cosmic game as the give-and-take of billiard balls on the green felt of life.

In T. S. Eliot *The Hollow Men* find a voice to say

There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON.

Stanford University, California.

RACINE JANSÉNISTE MALGRÉ LUI

The original division of Racine's life—*in partes tres*; the first Christian, the second Pagan, the third *da capo*,—has been shown by latter-day critics to admit of some modification. The belief of his contemporaries that the divorce from Port-Royal was for the time complete has given way to a more sophisticated estimate. Experts like Lanson, taking their cue from Arnauld's *mot* on *Phèdre*, have called attention to the ironic fact that certain elements of the Jansenistic doctrine are to be found in the most pagan of the pagan tragedies. Racine's basic concept of the conflict between duty and passion is, they maintain, no more than a secular application of Port-Royal's idea of human fallibility. The teaching that man, irretrievably committed by the 'fall' to eternal damnation, is powerless by himself to achieve salvation, this teaching, they argue, was so deeply implanted in the poet's consciousness during his youth that it influenced even the period of apostasy. The proposition is, in short, generally accepted now that Racine was never completely weaned from his early faith, that at the height of his seeming emancipation one facet at least of his adolescent belief remained.

That this facet should have been the negative one presents nothing remarkable. The truism is, I believe, platitudinous that the decline of faith in the individual, as in the race, begins with the disappearance of the positive elements. In our country to-day the puritan affirmations have long been extinct while the puritan negations (in such states as Kansas) still flourish with impertinently intrusive vigor. The retention by Racine of the negative portion of the Jansenistic doctrine, the fallibility of human nature, was then so thoroughly consonant with experience that it was readily perceived. That he did not, on the other hand, entirely discard the positive element, the idea of 'grace', would seem by virtue of the greater rarity of the phenomenon to have passed undetected. It will be the purpose of this essay to round up what evidence can be found to substan-

tiate the apparently paradoxical claim that, contrary to the usual belief, Racine kept not one but both facets of the Port-Royal concept of predestination: the omnipotence of 'grace' as well as the fallibility of human nature.

II

At the outset, such a thesis would, I am well aware, look to favor the supremacy of the Christian in Racine beyond the bounds permitted by the facts. His retention without reservations (during the years of emancipation) of both tenets of the Jansenistic doctrine is obviously impossible of proof. If, however, a distinction be drawn between complete preservation of the dogma of human fallibility and *modified* preservation of the principle of 'grace', it will be possible to minimize the quixotic nature of the paradox without detracting seriously from its solidity. Racine remains, as a matter of fact, a singularly interesting figure (apart from his works); for at once severely devout and frankly mundane, he presents a happily rounded example of the psychological conflict forced upon mankind by Christianity.

The intermittent warfare between incommensurable concepts of felicity that we moderns find in our souls was, fortunately for them, unknown to the ancients; for, if more profound at their best, they were on the surface undeniably less complicated than we. The idea of shifting the acceptance of bliss from this world to the next must remain (after the dethronement of polytheism) Christianity's most conspicuous innovation. The result of so startling a paradox was the immediate transvaluation of all existing beliefs for the pagan tenet that, of the two, this life is the better lost at a blow its official supremacy. The victory for the new religion was, nevertheless, more apparent than real. Paganism, despite its crushing defeat in the open, refused to make peace; instead, it fell back upon guerilla tactics and continued the struggle *sub rosa*. The ensuing conflict, distributed at first throughout the entire cosmos of man's activity, narrowed down with the passing of the centuries; compromises were little by little effected upon practically every disputed domain; the Church found

means to modify or accommodate itself to all the other pagan tenets; the cult of Aphrodite, however, remained the one proposition upon which, from the beginning, the opposing parties could never agree. Worship of Homer's laughter-loving goddess is the point at which to this day strict Christian and strict pagan part company.

Now the real cause of Racine's 'break' with Port-Royal resides precisely here, in the divergence between the pagan and the Christian valuations of the magic of Aphrodite. The unforgivable heresy to the 'solitaires' was not the writing of plays (they never, that I know, denounced *Esther* or *Athalie*) but the writing of plays that celebrated in terms of extraordinary beauty the poet's ardent allegiance to the unacceptable goddess. Tacit recognition of this distinction has, I believe, been universal, but that Racine committed in this transfer the piquant sin of carrying over to the worship of Aphrodite the formulæ intended by his devout masters for a very different service has never, if I am correct, been emphasized. In other words, the present argument is to the effect that the doctrine of 'grace', Port-Royal's master-key to the portals of Christian paradise (in the next world), was shifted subconsciously by Racine to the conquest of pagan paradise in this.

All accounts agree that in every respect the impression left upon the poet's sensitive nature by the atmosphere of Port-Royal was deep and enduring. It was under the tutelage of enlightened masters like Lancelot and Nicole that he acquired his remarkable penetration of the spirit of antiquity and more especially of the 'glory that was Greece'. At the same time it is well known that the devout teachers did not neglect, either by precept or example, the religious education of their charges. The supposition would, therefore, be highly illogical that an exception was made in Racine's case, that not one of the 'solitaires' attempted to familiarize him, their prize pupil, with the chief items of their doctrine. To the contrary, we have every reason to assume that emphasis was laid upon instruction not only in pagan letters, but also in the fundamentals of the Jansenistic belief.

Now the crux of this celebrated faith, the thing that differentiated it from the others was (it is hardly necessary to state) the very especial understanding of predestination. The essence of St. Augustine's teachings, Port-Royal's system was a nice compound of two complementary principles: the fallibility of human nature on the one hand, and its neutralizer, the victorious intervention of divine 'grace', on the other. Of these two ingredients it is the second which, inasmuch as it directly involves my argument, calls for some consideration.

III

The idea of 'grace' was, of course, far from being the exclusive property of the Jansenists; common to all sects within the Church, and as diversely interpreted, there was nevertheless one point upon which Port-Royal parted company with the rest. In the opinion of the devout 'solitaires', divine grace was not only omnipotent, it was also *gratuitous*. That is, the individual upon whom it was conferred had no choice in the matter; the most he could do was to desire it and strive to merit it, but he could neither get it, if it was withheld, nor refuse it if it was given. Selected arbitrarily by the Deity, either for salvation or gehenna, his desires as well as his deserts were calmly ignored. If 'grace' were given him, he was certain of felicity independent of merit, effort, or desire; if it were withheld, no amount of virtuous intent could save him from everlasting torment. "One can understand nothing of the works of God," wrote Pascal, "unless one takes for principle that he intended to blind some and enlighten others." In short, 'grace', in the opinion of the Jansenists, was something outside the normal human faculties (whether of head or heart); the reason for its bestowal and the method of its operation were alike shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

The influence of so morose a doctrine was bound inevitably to color the viewpoint of every adherent of Port-Royal, and indeed its effect upon the work of Pascal has been a long-standing platitude. That it was also a determining factor in shaping the output of the other great follower of Jansenism, Racine,

is a paradox that hitherto has not received the attention it deserves.

The tradition is now well established to hinge the opposition between Corneille and Racine on their divergent solutions of the conflict of passion versus duty. Superficially, this distinction is undeniably plausible, but that it can be proved incomplete does not, I believe, transcend the bounds of possibility. For if we examine their most representative plays from another angle, we find a fundamental difference of motivation. Corneille's favorite situation is that of a mutual love troubled by the intrusion of external discord. Racine, on the contrary, prefers the exact opposite, an external concord neutralized by the internal division of unrequited passion. Rodrigue and Chimène's hearts are in perfect agreement; the tragic obstacles to their happiness come from without. Phyrus and Hermione, on the other hand, have every outside reason for felicity; their tragedy comes from within, from the discord between their souls. In other words, where the author of *The Cid* picked out of the human scene one kind of obstacle to lovers' paradise, the author of *Andromaque* extracted its precise counterpart. Which of these two impedimenta to pagan felicity is the commoner or the more tragic we need not venture to decide. The point that concerns us is that Racine's predilection for the internal obstacle was prompted by the twist which Port-Royal's *deus ex machina* concept of predestination had imparted to his view of life's mysteries.

For what is, after all, the central idea of his first mature play? The inability of either man or woman to win by volition alone the love of the person who has captivated his or her fancy. Indeed the action of the famous tragedy pivots on the recondite phenomenon smartly epitomized in our own day by Bernard Shaw's *Philanderer*: "The fickleness of the women I love," says Charteris, "is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me." This brisk definition happens, in Shaw's play, to be uttered by a man, but that does not mean that it will not hold good for both sexes. And in point of fact its operation in *Andromaque* is not, as we know, restricted to the

women; the constancy of Orestes and Phyrus is fully as infernal as that of either Hermione or Andromache. Now this ingenious counterbalancing through four acts of fickleness versus constancy can be shown, I believe, to be part and parcel of Racine's fatalistic concept of the power of Aphrodite. Of the four lovers, Andromache is clearly the only one who is entirely successful with the opposite sex. She alone can achieve a requited love, for if Hector won her affections, she was able to return the compliment. Phyrus, Hermione, Orestes are, on the other hand, quite as obviously devoid of this especial knack, and it is equally obvious that no other quality will suffice to do its work. No amount of frenzied striving can avail, without it, to procure the three unfortunate lovers the felicity each so ardently desires.

The active intrusion of the idea of predestination can scarcely be denied here. The faculty that has enabled Andromache to attain earthly felicity is patently outside the range of human volition. As distinctly technical a gift as that of the painter or musician, for instance, its possession is a matter in which the individual has had no choice. Indeed the great lovers are, in their restricted genre, just as much born artists as the Raphaels or Mozarts; they may cultivate their gift or not, as they see fit (and they usually do see fit), but the fact that they have it rather than some other is wholly beyond their control. Racine's revival of this piquant mystery does not, however, exhaust his claims upon our admiration. For if we consider his pagan tragedies from still another position, we shall find that the application of this principle to the drama immediately called forth another and yet more subtle one.

If the knack of the *parfait amant* is remarkable in that its possession is outside his volition, it is also curious in that its presence is perceptible only to the opposite sex. All the other artistic gifts are apparent in some measure to both; the painter, the musician, the poet can reach in varying degrees of intensity either men or women, but the lover's magic is bounded by the fact of gender. "Men and women," says La Bruyère, "rarely agree upon the merit of a given woman." In other words, the especial talent that makes a woman attractive

to men is invisible to women, just as, conversely, the gift that makes a man charming to women is imperceptible to men. "Since reading *Daniel Deronda*," wrote Stevenson, "I have given up trying to find out what women like." All this is of course platitudinous and need not have been mentioned were not other factors involved. For it must be evident that if a man cannot *see*, in the actual life before him, the quality that makes another man fascinating to women, there will be no art-process that can make him see it in the less vivid life of fiction. Indeed, the partial perceptibility of the lover's gift, discernible only to the opposite sex, precludes intrinsically the transmission of it by *words*, for words are the common property of both sexes.

The well-nigh universal disparagement by masculine critics of Racine's men, especially those who are loved, has become proverbial. "If his men are in love," says Larroumet, "particularly if they are loved, they become of minor significance . . . they regain their lost advantage when they are not loved." "Racine," says Lanson, "retrieves himself in his portrayal of the men whose passion is not requited." "He transformed," said Dryden, "the jolly huntsman of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolyte."

The pertinence of these unfavorable criticisms is of especial significance here, for they emphasize with singular adequacy the unique merit of Racine. The very fact that Hippolytus or Bajazet have always seemed of minor consequence to men bears a double implication: that Racine understood perfectly that extraordinary creature, the *homme à femmes*; and that he had the courage to portray the fellow with precision. It cannot be gainsaid, certainly, that from the man's point of view Racine's lovers do not look equal to the passion which they inspire, that in this their author appears inferior to Corneille. Nobody of sense would argue that Hippolytus is as miscellaneously attractive as Rodrigue. Such a thesis is, however, quite beside the point. The question is not whether the *parfait amant* is fascinating generally, but whether he is fascinating *specifically*. The Cid's charm, it must be clear, is distributed over a wide field of human endeavor: he is intellectual, dashing, chivalrous,

equally at home in the salon or on the battle-field. His potency as lover is but one of many gifts; in short, he appeals to every type of admiration irrespective of sex.

Hippolytus's artistry, on the contrary, is concentrated within the narrow limits of a single genre: he is the *homme à femmes* par excellence and nothing more,—'*filz inconnu d'un glorieux père.*' That he appears insignificant to men is at once the inevitable consequence of his nature and the especial glory of his creator. Perfectly aware that the lover's gift is, by virtue of its partial perceptibility, outside the domain of words, Racine makes no attempt whatever to portray it directly. In this he follows the wise precedent established centuries ago by the greatest of all poets. Homer, we should bear in mind, does nothing to render Paris attractive to the bystander; with the subtle intelligence of the Greeks he realized not only the futility but also the incorrectness of any such endeavor. If the *homme à femmes* looks insignificant to men in real life, it will be an artistic impropriety to make him (were it possible) attractive in fiction. That Racine followed instinctively a similar method in the portrayal of his successful lovers is not the least of his many greatnesses. As profound a psychologist in such matters as Homer, he knew that the gifts of this life are portioned out; some having one, some another. A correct facsimile of the human scene will, in consequence, present the same sort of division; it is only the romanticist who will make it a point to give his hero every faculty of head and heart.

Now inasmuch as the ability to inspire love and the ability to call forth esteem are two very different gifts, and inasmuch as they rarely unite in the same person in actual life, Racine offers a similar distribution in his theatre. Some of his men (Mithridates, Phyrus) can call forth esteem; others (Bajazet, Britannicus) can inspire passion: in none do we find (save possibly Achilles) the combination of these divergent faculties. That is, instead of evading the issue (as did Corneille) by giving his successful lovers all sorts of irrelevant charms, instead of presenting them (to apply the old comparison to a new field), '*romantically*—as they ought to be—' Racine portrays them *real-*

istically, as they are. In this he gives evidence of shrewd perception; for contrary to the popular fallacy, the lover's gift, while it does not disdain the help of the other faculties, can nevertheless do very well without them. Racine's *jeunes premiers*, therefore, will not be, like the Cid, remarkable for high achievement, intense energy, or brilliant intellect. Indeed the last named is of all extraneous gifts the least necessary; a woman's infatuation is rarely, if ever, prompted by the value of the man's intelligence. "In love," says Beaumarchais, "the heart is not finicky about the productions of the mind."

The elimination of all these attracting qualities that may be vehicled by words places obviously a peculiarly severe burden upon the poet. His lovers are practically certain of ill-fortune with at least the public of their own sex for, not only is the efficacy of the one talisman they possess neutralized by identity of gender, but in addition they are devoid of any other to take its place. A *quid pro quo* success like that of the Cid is denied Hippolytus precisely because he cannot substitute one quality for another, he cannot permit a universal charm to usurp the credit that belongs to a specific charm. Where Rodrigue has two kinds of fascination (one for the general public and one for Chimène, so that everybody is satisfied), Hippolytus has but one, so that outside of Phædra and Aricie, no one can perceive his very real equality to the love they feel for him. That this deficiency on his part should have been challenged as a weakness in the poet will remain one of the curiosities of criticism, for all that Racine has done has been to reproduce in his fiction the same apparent disproportion between the lover's merit and the passion it calls forth that occurs in real life.

The way of the innovater is hard, for like other transgressors he flouts a convention that time has made sacred. And in Racine's case the heresy was particularly flagrant inasmuch as it defied a romantic fallacy, always popular, and in his day brilliantly supported by his great rival. To present, therefore, the *parfait amant* realistically, devoid of all non-sex prestige, postulated the penetration of genius. The all-conquering instant that made him portray Britannicus or Hippolytus utterly insig-

nificant (save to the opposite sex) was, like every profound urge, a complicated impulse. If there was in it the wisdom acquired from the Greeks, there was also the erudition derived from immediate study of humanity, and last but not least, there was in piquant disguise the Jansenistic concept of 'grace'. For it should be evident by now that Racine's understanding of the admission requirements to Pagan paradise resembles Port-Royal's view of Christian salvation in that it is fatalistic. The *parfait amant* achieves felicity in this world, as does the perfect Christian in the next, by virtue of a quality the possession of which is wholly *outside* his volition, but whereas the Christian's talisman is the 'grace' of Jehovah, the Pagan's is the 'grace' of Aphrodite. In other words, the fortunate being whom the laughter-loving goddess has selected (quite arbitrarily) for earthly paradise, succeeds without apparent merit or effort in arousing the most frenzied infatuation. It is unnecessary for Hippolytus either to speak or act; his mere presence is a crushing argument in his favor. "I saw him," says Phædra.

On the contrary, those whom the goddess has rejected (and they form much the larger number) cannot hope, however earnestly they strive, to attain the terrestrial elysium. The parallel to Port-Royal's concept of salvation is, I believe, reasonably close: the Jansenistic impotence of the human will in both cases, the division of mankind into two groups, the elect (whether Pagan or Christian) being by far the smaller, the absence to outsiders of visible merit in the chosen, the mystery of predestination in the selection of the fortunate, the virtuosity of 'grace' in the achievement of felicity. Indeed the crux of Racine's pagan tragedies might very well be summarized in paraphrase of the previously quoted *pensée* of Pascal: "One can understand nothing of the works of Aphrodite unless one takes for principle that she has wished to blind some and enlighten others."

We have dwelt at some length upon the perspicacity of Racine's successful lovers; the blindness of his unfortunate *amants* needs, on the other hand, little comment. They occupy the center of the stage and it is their tortures that constitute the immediate interest of the play. The artistic correctness of this arrange-

ment is obviously but the by-product of its psychological precision. If we remember that the modern stage is no more than the descendant of the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome synthesized adroitly with the Greco-Roman drama, we cannot admire too heartily the nicety with which Racine has made use of the positive charm of torture to vehicle the negative presentation of the 'grace' of Aphrodite. The statement of the lover's prowess in terms of the agonies of the wounded is not only the most attractive, but actually the sole method whereby it may be made visible to the bystander. Just as the Trojan war remains a gigantic compliment to the virtuosity of Paris, so the frenzies of Racine's unhappy lovers emphasize indirectly the artistry of his protégés of Aphrodite. That in this process he gave greater prominence to women than to men is subtle proof of the astuteness of his understanding of human delight. "Cæsar," interposes Shaw's centurion, "Cæsar, the spectacle of a beautiful woman torn to pieces by the wild beasts is more delectable to the multitude than the spectacle of a man." Viewed from this angle the traditional criticism of Racine loses much, if not all of its weight; indeed, the argument that his genius was restricted to women begins to look absurd, for as fearful creatures like Nero, Narcissus, Mithridates substantiate the giving, in many cases, of leading parts to women was a matter of choice rather than of necessity. Granted the Jansenistic penchant for the 'grace' of Aphrodite, his predilection for the havoc wrought by it in women simply proves that he understood not only the idiosyncrasy of the goddess's magic, but also the peculiar preference of the public.

The precipitation, therefore, of the 'grace' of Aphrodite into terms of the attracted rather than the attracting object was the result of a highly sophisticated perception of its extraordinary nature. In consequence, if we accept *Andromaque*, *Bérénice*, *Monime*, Racine's 'great' characters are those whom the laughter-loving deity has denied admission to her paradise: *Orestes*, *Phyrrus*, *Nero*, *Hermione*, *Roxana*, *Mithridates*, *Ériphile*, *Phædra*. It is they who appeal by word and deed to the audience, it is they who utter the rare verses, who enact the lovely,

the striking, the awful gesture. In this Racine's artistic rightness is based firmly upon his psychological correctness. In life's arena as upon his stage the 'great' personalities have, as a rule, been devoid of the lover's gift. No more conspicuous example of this piquant truth could be found than Dante. For it will be axiomatic to the sophisticated that the existence of the *Divine Comedy* presupposes a complete absence, in its author, of the 'grace' of Aphrodite. It is not the successful but the unhappy lover whose worship of his lady grows more and more ethereal; had Dante possessed the precise gift requisite to the actual winning of Beatrice, that marvellous poem would, in all probability, have not been written.

IV

From every point of view, then, the validity of Racine's dramatic programme will be found substantial. Based upon intuitive understanding of the most mysterious of all predestinations, limitations are those of its subject-matter, not those (as has often been argued) of its author. And not the least curious feature is the sudden attainment of complete maturity. For, technique of versification excepted, there is no appreciable advance in mastery over *Andromaque*; the later tragedies offer a different, not a more profound, complexity. Indeed the first great drama deserves especial emphasis, for a unique treatment of the traditional pastoral formula (A loves B, loves C, loves D, etc.), it shows that, correctly interpreted, this formula resolves itself into a study in differentiation. Of the three incompetent lovers, Phyrus is the only one who is completely subjugated. Pride, honor, self-respect, reason, the esteem of the public, political sagacity, all are as naught in the balance against his infatuation for Andromache. Hermione, on the other hand, is moved quite as much, if not more by these extraneous factors; instead of being opposed to it (as is true of Phyrus), they unite with her inclination. As Anatole France, that accomplished expert, says, she is trying to prevent a wedding, and that is all. In other words, the intricate coterie of non-sex passions that with highly civilized peoples are part

and parcel of the concept of marriage happen in her case to be so overwhelmingly on its side that they end by taking precedence over the love-motif. It is they who prompt the murder and it is to them that credit of the tragic gesture should be given. Finally, in *Orestes* we have a singularly penetrating study of in-growing mania. Mentally unsound, Hermione's *soupiront* is of the brooding sort; he coddles the wound her disdain has dealt his pride until he mistakes his autogenous tortures for love, but when offered the chance to win her, it takes the fiercest upbraiding on her part to make him consent. The contrast between his hesitancy and Phyrus's eagerness to break every human bond for Andromache should be enough to emphasize the distinction that divides a real passion from the plausible counterfeit. The complexity of *Andromaque* is, therefore, a rare one, for it is the complexity of nice discrimination between the genuine thing and two extraordinarily subtle facsimiles. Neither Phyrus nor Hermione possess the 'grace' of Aphrodite (that is given to Andromache alone); but, as Racine makes clear, if one must have it arouse real love, one can nevertheless inspire a good working imposture of love without it.

Not one of the subsequent *chefs-d'œuvre*, it must be obvious, is more searching than this. In fact the traditional estimate that Racine delved deeper and deeper until in *Phèdre* he plumbed the uttermost depths of passion can be held open to challenge. No one will deny, certainly, that there does appear to the superficial glance a radical difference between the first and the last of the great pagan tragedies, but this difference will, I believe, be found upon careful consideration to be one of kind rather than degree. Arnauld's *mot* that Phædra sinned because divine 'grace' had been refused her is to the point, for it did more than pave the way for the historic reconciliation: it called attention to the rising insistence upon the negative facet of Jansenism, the fallibility of human nature, and it is true that although present in all, this negative facet is particularly prominent in *Phèdre*. To say, however, that it is this losing struggle between virtue and passion that gives the famous masterpiece its profundity is singularly short-sighted. For though

Phædra fights fruitlessly against her criminal love, does she not utter in the moment of deepest anguish the celebrated lines:

"Hélas! du crime affreux dont la honte me suit,
Jamais mon triste cœur n'a recueilli le fruit."

Now what is the meaning of these words save that she feels she has been defrauded, not of one but of two felicities, that of passion as well as of virtue? In fact it must be clear that hers is not a single but a composite tragedy; if, as Arnauld said, she has been refused the 'grace' of Jehovah, she has also been denied the 'grace' of Aphrodite. In other words, of all varieties of gehenna imagined by man, hers is the most exquisitely diabolical, for, an outcast here and hereafter, she suffers a double damnation, in this world as well as the next. The contention, therefore, that the play, with all its torturing splendor, is superior to *Andromaque*, belongs among the paradoxes of criticism. Ingenious as was the idea of combining the two 'graces' (Pagan and Christian) it cannot be held more profound intuitively than the idea of differentiating between real passion and the deceptively plausible understudies.

V

It must be self-evident that if the foregoing conclusions possess any validity, the conventional estimate of Racine's 'break' with Port-Royal calls for some revision. Even the shrewd modification of the traditional view-point suggested by M. Lanson will be found to fall short of adequacy. The thesis that Racine preserved during the years of emancipation the negative facet only of the Jansenistic doctrine is clearly insufficient. As the preceding paragraphs have attempted to show, the essence of his pagan tragedies consists in his retention of both; the negative *in statu quo*, the positive in exquisite disguise. Considered from this angle, the nature of his apostasy reveals a more sophisticated texture than even the Jansenists had been willing to admit. The common belief that he abandoned Port-Royal's doctrine of 'grace' must give way to the riper interpretation that he transvalued it. Whether the increase in

subtlety of 'sin' entails a commensurate crescendo in guilt presents a nice problem for the theological expert. This much, however, is certain: If we accept a less obvious definition of his emancipation, we must be prepared for an equally recondite understanding of his recantation. In other words, the estimate of his contemporaries that *Phèdre* belongs to a period of transition will need to be refined rather than discarded. The uniqueness of the famous tragedy is built clearly not on the dominance of one but on the coöperation of two concepts. The play stands, therefore, squarely in the middle of the poet's return journey to the faith of his youth. If he is already resuming in contrition the Jansenistic doctrine, he has not yet given up the pagan transvaluation of it. Shown in this light, *Phèdre* would seem to bear an unexpected resemblance to the works of the romantic 'titans' in that it appears also to be written in two incommensurable domains. But whereas the disparate elements of the nineteenth century dramas exist side by side to produce two alternate effects, the divergent elements of Racine's *chef-d'œuvre* unite deftly to create a single effect. By a prodigious mastery of life and art the great classicist fuses easily his hostile ingredients into a harmonious compound in striking opposition to the tumultuous romanticists whose *ordinaire* is but an intriguingly chaotic mixture.

The tradition of the 'break' and reconciliation with Port-Royal, while not immune to modification, must be admitted, nevertheless, impervious to extinction. If the manner in which the apostasy and repentance took place has been demonstrated susceptible of new interpretation, the fact that it did occur still stands. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*" is, despite its popularity, a singularly sound saying. Like a prejudice, a proverb is very hard to eradicate, and the present one is so stoutly entrenched that the critic would certainly be fatuous who would think to put it to rout. The purpose of this essay will be achieved if the stubborn maxim has been forced, in this sector, to retire to a previously prepared position.

FRANCIS A. WATERHOUSE.

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

WHAT EVERY POET KNOWS

BY ONE OF THEM

Not long ago I sat for an hour and a half while a noted savant brought in an indictment against us poets of to-day. We were mawkish. We were strident. We were puerile. We were everything which no self-respecting poet could enjoy hearing himself called. Now I pick up the New York "Times Book Review" of January 30, 1927, and under the heading "What Ails American Poetry To-day?" read that our "versifiers are too insistent upon being original". The final paragraph of this review of Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926* and of Strong's *The Best Poems of 1926*, after many encomiums upon Milton and Keats, gives in summing up the situation the following diagnosis of the contemporary poetic malady:

We say, then, with two anthologies for proof, that modern poets, especially American poets, although they have made valuable experiments, and have contributed much that is valuable to poetry as well as produced many fine poems, will do well to drop some of their self-sufficiency. They will do well to give a little more heed to tradition. And they will do very well to let a few more *old songs* turn up again.

Of course, the gullible public takes all this in and wags its head sapiently,—that is, such of the public as bothers to read reviews of poetry. However, I cannot help wondering whether the reviewer himself is really so naïve as he appears to be. I have my suspicions that, like most reviewers, he has rustled through the pages of these anthologies at full speed and has thrown off his five columns with as little thought as was consistent with his "getting by" with his article.

Yet I, too, had glanced through these same pages and had put them aside with a shake of the head, saddened because I was not able to find at once the type of poetry that pleases me. I think that I must have read at least a hundred poems of the collection. The other twelve hundred I took for granted must

be similar in quality to the samples I had tasted. That, of course, was an exceedingly rash assumption, though not without some justification. For I knew that both Strong and Braithwaite had been limited in their selection to such poems as had already been published in newspapers and magazines, and as could then be secured without remuneration to either author or publisher. Very few editors and practically no anthologists pay for the poetry they use.

If future generations should turn, for instance, to anthologies of English drama, I wonder what they will think when they find Barrie and Shaw omitted. Perhaps their exclusion will pass unnoted. In fact, these playwrights deserve to be forgotten. They are hard, grasping men who demand payment in return for their labor. Do not think for one moment that our anthologists have lacked taste in making selections. As a matter of fact, they have excellent taste plus very sound business judgment. Such a combination of qualities is rare and worthy of sincere admiration.

I rejoice to say that my own relations with them have been most cordial. We correspond rather frequently; and at least one of them has liked my work so well as to express his willingness to preserve in his volume any three of my unpublished poems I might care to submit. All that was necessary to the placing of my name among the immortals was that I should agree to purchase at the regular market price three copies of his collection. These would make delightfully unique Christmas gifts when autographed for my friends. What could have been fairer? I myself was to be given absolute freedom in deciding by which of my poems I preferred to be remembered when time should have obliterated the names of all those who had not been invited to contribute to this monumental collection! Remembering, however, the example set me by Barrie and Shaw, I hardened my heart. If I cannot lay claim to their excellence as authors, I can at least imitate their vices as men. I know now just how contemptible the three of us are. I have been told so in plain Remington type. And yet I have my reward. I have been classed with the great!

That letter set me to thinking. It set me, furthermore, to searching through the list of all papers and magazines which publish verse. I was curious to know just how many editors pay for the poems they publish. Nearly all pay for jokes, articles, stories, and novels—sometimes hardly more than a pittance. Nevertheless, they do pay something. But for poems, not one cent! The editorial staff gets paid. The office force gets paid. The printers and the news venders get paid. But the poet gets not a nickel! A few of the best magazines do offer him some compensation; but the dailies, the church papers, and the publications dedicated to the advancement of poetry are above parting with money for anything so imperishable as verse. They offer the poet fame in its stead.

Here is how some of the most lofty-minded editors inspire ambition in those who would like to see their talents made to furnish postage and typist fees, if nothing else. Listen to the honeyed phrases in which one patron of art seeks to beguile a poem from an aspiring author:

Your poem came to-day. It is very beautiful. Nevertheless, I am returning it to you because I do not pay for poetry and I see that you say at the bottom of your manuscript that the magazine rights are for sale. Now as editor of . . . my aims are to help the writer on to higher things than dollars, to a place among the worthy writers of our day. Hence I do not buy material for my pages, but aim to increase my subscription list all the while that a writer's poetry may be read all over the world.

A second editor has this to say of a poem I offered him:

It's a beautiful poem but we seldom print poems with that "love unrequited note" . . . and what loads we get of them. Favor us with "love triumphant" once. You write beautifully, and I hope to hear from you again. Bear in mind that we seldom print for those who are not our readers. Subscribe to . . . and then send us what will make a strong program. We do not pay for verse.

By the same delivery as that bringing the preceding letter, I received a further word of encouragement, this time from the editor of one of the great New York dailies.

I would like to use your poem in my column, but, like other columnists, I cannot pay contributors. People in and around New York understand this; but I thought perhaps you didn't. If you want to sell your verses, I'll return them to you; otherwise, I'll use them.

In order to put the matter to the final test, I asked the columnist if he would send me ten reprints in case I consented to let him have my contribution. Behold his reply:

I return your poem herewith. We cannot furnish contributors with copies of their work.

From all three of these editorial offices came poems which Braithwaite selected as among the best published last year.

I have before me the "Bulletin of the Authors' League". Eight pages of this issue are given over to statements as to the present needs of editors. Among these I find strange limitations as to the length of stories and articles and as to subjects acceptable and taboo. One magazine issues the following warning:

Poems must fall within the general field of this magazine, but that field is a very wide one. We have no particular leaning toward gore, on the other hand, a very strong aversion for the trivialities of an ingrowing civilization.

Humorous poems, at least for the present, are not desired. The tender passion is not for our pages. Nor the morbid or unclean, nor too painstaking an examination of one's psychological insides. Realism, if you like, but not the realism of life's sewers.

We are particularly open to the ballads of our country and of Canada.

The author of the preceding statement of editorial policy is advertising for verse. He wants only the best. Therefore, he is prepared to pay a truly magnificent rate in comparison with what is usually offered. Furthermore, he knows that the conditions which his magazine presents are peculiarly attractive. Where other periodicals make use of poems only as fillers for space unsalable to advertisers, he dedicates a whole page to the muse. In all seriousness, I proclaim that his attitude is in

accord with that of the great patrons of art. He pays for poetry at the rate of a dollar a line! The few editors who are willing to squeeze in a poem occasionally usually consider fifty cents a line as ample remuneration to the author.

For the last twenty years, poets have been producing the blatant, the silly, and the bizarre, because that is what editors have wanted, yes, have demanded. Only those poets who would cater to this demand got their work accepted. They had to be "original". They had to produce verses suitable to accompany advertisements for soap and perfumery and smoking tobacco. Hardly a dozen editors in America welcome poetry of high quality; and even these are not sufficiently anxious about it to make the writing of verse profitable to their contributors. In more than one respect, editorial offices, and not poets, set the styles in verse.

Comparatively few publishers will print books of verse; and only in the rarest instances will the publisher bring out a book of poems on a royalty basis. The usual procedure is for the poet to finance the publication of his own work. The terms in a large percentage of cases are such that, even if every volume of an edition is sold, the author is compelled to stand the loss of several hundred dollars. Of course, the publisher sees to it that his own interests are thoroughly safeguarded.

Personally I can sympathize with him for refusing to risk capital in exploiting a product for which there is no demand. For in the days of my youthful enthusiasms, I once paid for the publication of a book of my verse. Other poets sometimes confess to similar indiscretions. Yet they do so unwillingly. Just to annoy them I inquire quite innocently as to the success of their financial adventures. Usually they turn a peculiar shade of green at my question and gape like a sick oyster. They lack the heart to pretend to be even moderately cheerful over the experience they are getting; and that is certainly about all they will ever derive from their investment.

Of course, Scott and Byron made huge sums for their publishers; but these two are exceptions. Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and many, many others of the great

gods we conjure by published their works at their own expense, and then lost heavily in consequence. If they had not been in possession of independent means, they could never have afforded to become celebrities.

Until America develops a leisure class sufficiently interested in the writing of poetry to publish at its own expense and then to accept its losses philosophically, I have little hope for a renaissance of our earlier lyric outburst. Cultured classes in the past had much more leisure than they have to-day. Furthermore, the costs of living and of publication were a mere trifle in comparison with what they now are.

After fifteen years of contact with college students of both sexes, I affirm without hesitation that many of them are highly gifted poetically. However, they cease to make the effort to express themselves in verse once they realize that they can gain from writing it neither money nor recognition. Ink soon fades from manuscripts left to mildew in old trunks. Enthusiasms soon wane unless nourished by the sunshine of success.

These things every poet knows; but only the unsentimental few will acknowledge them.

If America wants poets, America must reward them in the same manner as she rewards the workers in other fields of art, as, in fact, she is already rewarding her journalists and novelists and playwrights. If there is in America to-day one poet worthy the name who is able to make a living solely by the practice of his art, I have yet to hear of him. I am sure that I have never seen him, though I have sat down in the banquet halls of many poetry societies.

Why, then, need anyone ask what has become of our poets? The marvel is that there should survive under existing conditions several thousand persons who, in spite of all discouragements, still scribble verse. I wonder what makes them do it. They might be more usefully employed in shoveling snow or in playing golf. In fact, I favor their concentrating on golf. It is good for the nerves, much less of a luxury than versifying, and a far surer means of their getting their pictures in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers.

HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE

ANALYST OF THE AFFECTIONS

Literature has lung disease; Christs of art are needed to heal the leper.—*Correspondance de Flaubert.*

An advocate of reality in fiction has hopes for modern novels now and then. He reads books in which the mechanism of contemporary life is exposed, he hears men and women speak as they do in life, and he considers intrigues which come to logical conclusions. But when he examines this realism critically he finds something indeed strange about it. Exaggeration, a primal requisite of art, has been over-employed. The mechanism of contemporary civilization suffers weird distortions and the chief characters are logical in their actions to the point of illogicality. Motivation has become strengthened until it is too strong. And, subtly, the old tricks of plot are worked in.

But exaggeration is not at fault merely in that it distorts life; the fault is that to the artist it suggests an *exposé* in vivid colors both of human nature and of society. It suggests realism as the medium for the satirist. It suggests to the artist that he be clever, and cleverness for the artist is the most deadly of the seven deadly sins.

We will admit, I believe, that the *exposé* is a second-rate and superficial form of art. It destroys shams, it is true, and is a convenient medium for social criticism. Our objection to it as a form of art is that it destroys the artist. It has the same effect upon him as chasing rabbits has upon a bird-dog. The *exposé* dulls the artist's keen sensibilities and his powers of conception. It suggests that he speak loudly to drive home his point. It proffers for style the rhythm of the hurdy-gurdy. The artist leaves his garret and mounts the band-wagon.

I realize that a high seriousness of artistic intent can be said to apply to few writers of fiction. But it does apply to Flaubert, to Maupassant, and to Hubert Crackanthorpe. In the work of these writers we have the literature of half tones, of mixed sentiments, of painful but tolerant analysis. We have a fiction

which is to 'set one musing', written in a consistent style of thoughtful inquiry. We have the memoirs of priestly confessors who reveal the discords of life in a spirit of comprehending charity, who would inspire a pathetic contemplation like that of the stars.

Following the lead of Flaubert and Maupassant, Crackanthorpe wrote three volumes of novelles, *Wreckage* (1893), *Sentimental Studies* (1895), and *Last Studies* (1897). In addition to these books he wrote a travelogue, *Vignettes* (1896). The books were evidently printed in small editions for they are now available only in several public libraries in the British Isles and one in America. But the oblivion into which Crackanthorpe's name has fallen is not necessarily the fault of literary historians. They point to him as a man of ability who was cursed with a pessimistic outlook—see Henry James and George Saintsbury—or they praise the austere beauty evoked by his loyalty to truth and regret the fact that he has been forgotten—witness Harold Williams and Oscar Burdette—or they link his name in honorable mention with that of George Moore—see Holbrook Jackson, L. Cazamian, Chavelley, Weigandt, and the rest.

Crackanthorpe's works are rightly entitled studies of temperament, of sentiment, of artistic endeavor, of want, of suicide, of marital incompatibility and mortal frailty. But more than studies they are compassionate analyses. They reveal the human heart as seen through the eyes of a tender but very cynical saint. The revelations are distinctive for the insistent material detail by which the presentation is vivified. But Crackanthorpe is not essentially the portrayer of externalities. He shows with deft delicacy the spider's web of sentiment which enmeshes the human soul. One would judge from reading his works that circumstance determines only the least significant phases of existence. What appears to him significant are the affections, the aspirations, the sympathies, and the illogical emotional reactions which furnish the stimulus for some strange or striking act. In his writings Crackanthorpe reveals himself as possessed of a sensitive yet virile nature, given at times to slightly chivalric as well as morbid moods.

. . . . A well-born writer and his wife drift apart. The wife finds no sympathy and understanding in the artistic circles in which her husband moves. Her conservative nature provides no stimulus for his endeavors; she does not understand the pain and sorrow that fill his soul at times, nor does she comprehend the consequent bohemian reaction. She keeps her old friends and her old ways while feeling a longing for the husband that can never be really hers. And he, oppressed by his wife's goodness and simple faith, takes perverse pleasure in a liaison with the daring and gifted wife of a friend. But perversity is not alone responsible, for the free camaraderie, the consciousness of being above sin and guilt, makes of the liaison a union strangely more sacred than the mundane sanctity of licensed affections. And in the dare and unconventionality of the woman the man is conscious of a lofty scorn which matches his own and which sanctifies her in a way. But mortal ways become irritably conscious of the celestial strains. The liaison is discovered and the discord of threatened divorce proceedings drowns out all other notes. The husband insists upon exposure, and the torrent of vituperation threatens those who sought an escape above the clouds. . . . On a bridge of the Seine the writer seats himself to consider. He, strongest of mortals and hating the weakness of the rest, scorns all easy escapes. But she whom he loves must not be tarnished, for the gold would then become as gilt and the luster of the sun pass away. In the fulness of his resolve a fantastic, quixotic idea dawns upon him. Where before he saw weakness he now sees strength. Suicide would cast a pall upon babbling tongues. The sanctity of her whom he loved would be respected since it could inspire sacrifice. Thoughtfully, bitterly, he fills his pockets with rocks, and then dives awkwardly into the Seine.

This is a true Crackanthorpe story. But not one that he has written. It is the story of his death at the age of thirty-one.

The story, heretofore unpublished, reveals a nature far from simple and a spirit out of tune with his times. "Bertie" Crackanthorpe, a slim and delicately featured youth, was expelled from Cambridge during his first year for a boyish prank. There-

upon he went to France, where he joined a travelling circus as a bareback rider. Returning eventually to England and the patronage of his family, he began to write stories distinctive for their impersonality and unconcern with conventional values. He married a girl of his own station, but the relationship proved stifling to his spirit. Thus it was that in his stories women are shown to be clinging creatures who arouse aversion in man because of their unwillingness to aid him in fulfilling his aspirations. The chivalric gesture of Crackanthorpe's death fittingly culminated his revolt against the smug and commonplace.

But revolt is not a prominent feature of Crackanthorpe's writings, for as naturalistic artist he would free himself from all personal sympathies. Like one of his characters he would "walk abroad amid London's grim unrest, savouring each fragile modulation of its dusky pageantry". He would show the contradictory forces and sentiments of man's nature, the crude and resistless logic of the emotions, the enslaving mystery of an ideal.

Generally the sentiments alone concern him. And these he shows in the variety of their shifting phases. "A Common-place Chapter" presents a series of mental states in the married life of an intelligent man who has a repentance complex. The story is particularly interesting for its autobiographical suggestions. Hiller, a prominent young critic and the employee of a publishing firm, becomes by turns cruel, excessively kind, morbidly introspective, generous, resolute, and sentimental. He is in no way endeared to us but is merely a rather remarkable human specimen—a psychopathic case. We see him first contemplating his approaching marriage:

He was, he told himself, supremely happy. Several times before he had set up a woman's figure on a pedestal, and, for a while, had deluded himself into worshipping her. And when it had passed, he had, to his own satisfaction, succeeded in bedecking the memory of each incident with an appropriate, sentimental halo. He had had too, of course, erotic adventures, purely physical; for he had lived, during his early years, in the unwholesome atmosphere of an

expensive public school, and a precocious familiarity with the obscene had left upon his imagination a secret taint, which at moments had asserted itself irresistibly. Growing into manhood he had sinned conventionally with the rest; but for such conduct he frequently professed a sentimental disgust, which, in his case, was more sincere than hypocritical. Yet, in a sense, he was proud of himself; of his ability; of his personal charm; of his physical comeliness; he looked back with pride on many events of his life; on his struggle with poverty; on his conquests of woman. . . .

During the past two years an unformulated discontent had been growing within him. He had decided upon marriage—the ideal marriage.

And six months later, in that picturesque Sussex village, he had run across the realization of his dreams.

The whole business was of a piece, he thought; picturesque, yet in no way cheap.

And yet this moment of his marriage had stirred his innermost fibres with an impetuous yearning for regeneration. The manifestation of his love for her had been full of a refinement of fine impulse, of a tense and cultured aspiration. She, Ella, warm—and simple-hearted, sweet—and gentle-minded, during the fervour of their engagement trusted him as a man above all other men; and his very self-absorption made each fresh sign of this trust of hers an acute suffering to him, till, racked by remorse, he longed weakly to besmirch himself altogether in her eyes.

And this same morbid consciousness of the ignoble within him, the cultivation of which brought him a certain relief, since it seemed a final remnant of distinction with which he could bedeck the cloddish brutality of his past conduct, had spurred him to a strenuous devotion to her; grown aglow with an ecstasy of passionate, reverential fervour.

For her personality appeared to him abundant in possibilities; and it was—though he never acknowledged it to himself—on these possibilities, rather than on the obvious facts of her nature, that his imagination dwelt. That she might represent to him something entirely different from what he imagined her to represent, now in this moment of exaltation, would have appeared to him quite preposterous.

Thus he adored her extravagantly, in unconscious insincerity; caressing admiringly the extravagance of his adoration; or telling himself that he loved her with all the forces of his manhood; because she was his, because he had found her, because he knew the great love she was giving him in return.

And he took to describing the relations of sex as a great sacrament.

The first phase of married life was that of tenderness, affection, and adoration. Then came London and a social life in which Ella was humiliated by unkind comments. Strangely enough, Hiller blamed her. He was pettish in his comments; he slammed doors. Ella made no friends, and Hiller's interest in her dwindled with his growing absorption in work. Yes, he admitted eventually, he was tired of his wife.

Four years passed. Success brought with it a genial expansiveness to Hiller's nature, a bitter suppressed seriousness to that of his wife.

She had come to disbelieve in Hiller; to discredit his clever attractiveness; she had become acutely sensitive to his instability, and with a secret, instinctive obstinacy, to discredit the world's praise of his work. . . .

The little Claude was three years old. Before his birth, Hiller had dilated much on the mysterious beauty of childhood, had vied with her own awed expectation of the wonderful, coming joy. During her confinement, which had been a severe one, for three nights in succession he had sat, haggard with sleepless anxiety, on a stiff-backed dining-room chair, till all danger was past. But afterwards, the baby had disappointed him sorely; and latter, she thought he came very near actively disliking it. . . .

George Swann, Hiller's cousin and warm friend, became possessed, in the course of time, of a great love for Ella.

His was a slowly-moving nature; it was gradually therefore that he came to value, as a matter of almost sacred concern, the sense of her friendship; reverencing her with single-hearted, unquestioning reverence of a man unfamiliar with women. . . .

But Hiller noted critically how things were drifting, and even lent encouragement to their progress in a way that was

entirely unostentatious; since so cynical an attitude seemed in some measure to justify his own conduct.

For he was unfaithful to his wife. It was inevitable that the temptation, in the guise of a craving for change, should come—not from the outside, but from within himself. And he had no habit of stable purpose with which to withstand it. Not altogether was it a vagrant, generalized lusting after women other than his wife; not a mere harking back to the cruder experiences of his bachelorhood; though, at first, it had seemed so to manifest itself. Rather was it the result of a moody restlessness, of a dissatisfaction (with her, consciously, no; for the more that he sinned against her, the more lovable, precious her figure appeared to him) kindled by continual contact with her natural goodness. It was as if, in his effort to match his personality with hers, he had put too severe a strain upon the better part of him. . . .

He was pleased that the other woman demanded no sentimentality. Of this he had drained every resource to meet the initial outburst of his adoration for his wife.

The discretion of her cynical camaraderie was to be trusted; and that was sufficient to undermine all virtuous resolution. She had the knack, too, of cheering him when he was depressed, and, curiously enough, of momentarily reinstating him in his own conceit, though later, on his return to Ella, he would suffer most of the pangs of remorse. . . .

He came home one evening to find his wife asleep in a chair, breathing softly and regularly like a child.

He sat down noiselessly, awed by his vision of her. The cat, which had lain stretched out on the hearthrug, sprang into his lap, purring and caressing. He thought it strange that animals have no sense of human sinfulness, and recalled the devotion of the dog of a prostitute, whom he had known years and years ago. . . .

He watched her, and her unconsciousness loosened within him the sickening pangs of remorse. . . . He mused vaguely on suicide as the only fitting termination. . . . And he descended to cheap anathemas on life.

By and by she awoke, opening her eyes slowly, wonderingly. He was kneeling before her, kissing her hand with reverential precaution.

She saw tears in his eyes; she was still scarcely awake; she made no effort to comprehend; only was impulsively grateful, and slipping her arms behind his head, drew him towards her and kissed him on the eyes. He submitted, and a tear moistened her lids.

Then they went upstairs.

And she, passionately clutching at every memory of their love, feverishly cheated herself into bitter upbraiding, in attributing to him a nobility of nature that set him above other men. And he, at each renewed outburst of her wild straining towards her ideal, suffered as if she had cut his bare flesh with a whip.

It was his insistent attitude of resentful humility that finally wearied her of the fit of false exaltation. When she sank to sleep, the old ache was at her heart.

Swann observed Hiller on one of his escapades and faced him with the facts. Hiller agreed to except what he called the verdict of society and follow the only course consistent with integrity—confess to his wife.

Swann called on Hiller's wife after the confession. Ella recognized the strength of his love and that the nobility of his spirit would keep him from ever speaking of it.

She divined, too, the fineness of his sacrifice—that manly, human struggle with himself, through which he had passed to attain it—how he had longed for the right to make her his . . . and how he had renounced. The sureness of his victory, and the hidden depths of his nature which it revealed, awed her . . . now he would never swerve from what he knew to be right. . . . And on, through those years to come, she could trust him, always, always. . . .

Ella went to her room and sought relief in prayer. Ten minutes later Hiller came in from his dressing-room. He clasped his hands round her bare neck, kissing her again and again.

"I have been punished, Nellie," he began in a broken whisper. "Good God! it is hard to bear. . . . Help me, Nellie, . . . help me to bear it."

She unclasped his fingers, and started to stroke them; a little mechanically, as if it were her duty to ease him of his pain. . . .

Thus ends the story. Nothing much has happened. Two married people are becoming adjusted. In something over a hundred pages the author discloses varying psychological states. There is no interesting background, no local color, no humor. Strenuously the author has forced our interest upon an emotional situation and made of it an absorbing drama.

The story is given here in considerable length as evidence of both the strength and the weakness of the writer's art. The strength lies obviously in the penetrating analyses of sentiment, moods, and sources of human action in varied situations. No chance state of feeling is of too strange a color for Crackanthorpe to catch the tint of its complexion; no human errors beyond the range of his sympathy. Perhaps the precision and compression of his phraseology deserves some mention, for in these matters he surpassed all previous English writers of prose fiction. "Mr. Crackanthorpe," according to a critic for the *Daily Chronicle* in 1893, "produces effects which absolutely bite themselves into our perspective sensibilities. Words from his pen have the visual effect of lines from an etching needle, and yet there is none of the crude Dickens-like striving after pictorialism; rather, one would say, an avoidance of it, for this art is not in one respect merely, but in all, the art of restraint, of reticence, of abstinence."

The weakness of Crackanthorpe's art—if there is a weakness—lies in his intention rather than in his execution. He seems to have prescribed for himself as a primal canon of art that nothing of popular interest should ever happen. Nor did he make concessions to the public by exploiting the popular phases of realistic art. He posed no problems, social, moral, or religious. He kept aloof from the varied fields of human endeavor and enterprise. He did not generalize from observation, he worked out no theories of human conduct, he avoided determinism, he shunned satire. What then is left? 'Fragile modulations', and wondrous maze of impulses, desires, aversions,

reflexes, temperamental reactions, and spiritual stimuli to which the human mechanism is subjected. There is not a dull page in all of Crackanthorpe's writings, but the demands upon the reader are severe. Flaubert did not make them, nor did Maupassant—except in an occasional work such as *Pierre et Jean*.

Why, therefore, did Crackanthorpe so severely strain the attention of the reader? Was his selection of rather minute phases of life for lengthy studies the result of a limited knowledge of life? or was it because of his consciousness as a realistic artist? Both, I should say. For Crackanthorpe strictly limited himself to the production of fiction in accordance with the principles laid down in the preface to *Pierre et Jean*, but he was unable to avail himself of the broad scope of life which Maupassant suggested for treatment. From Maupassant he learned that the aim of the novelist should not be "to tell a story, to amuse or to sadden us, but to force us to contemplate the profound and concealed significance of happenings." He learned to scorn tricks of plot, elements of adventure, and dénouements. "It suffices," said Maupassant, "for the writer to take charge of his characters during a certain phase of their lives and lead them, by natural transitions, to the succeeding phase." The significance of the phase which the novelist describes is determined by the adroit grouping of the '*petits faits*', the 'fragile modulations'. And the writer must be sincere and honest; he must use only those facts which give the impression of unquestionable veracity. He must endeavor to give '*une vision personnelle du monde*' and should search for '*le mot juste*' to render the vision intelligible. And what subjects might the realistic artist treat? "He must show how the feelings are modified under the influence of environmental circumstances, how the sentiments and passions develop, how people love one another, how they hate each other, how struggles evolve in all the ranks of society, how within an individual the varied bourgeois interests fight for dominance—the interests of family, of money, and of politics."

The broad scope of subject-matter which Maupassant mentions was outside the range of Crackanthorpe's knowledge. The bourgeois interests were outside the range of sympathy.

During the seven years in which he wrote, his associations were limited by his social position and because he lived detached from mundane interests. But he further confined the limits of his work by excluding, like Henry James, the interests of family, of money, and of politics. The concerns of the heart and sentiments within a narrow range of observation—this is the scope of Crackanthorpe's three volumes.

One group of his stories, the largest one, is evidently the result of experience and contacts in London: An experimental young bookworm takes a waitress to a park, talks awhile, kisses her, is embarrassed, and when ten o'clock strikes says he must go home ("Trevor Perkins"). A young and pretty courtesan, amusing herself with a sentimental lad, is so much impressed by his decency that she decides to go back to her parents ("Battledore and Shuttlecock"). A struggling writer is driven to suicide by his wife's resentment of his moods and self-absorption ("A Conflict of Egoisms"). The cold and deliberate daughter of the cold and deliberate Lord Lingard chooses a dull man rather than a shrewd one, her father's choice, because she knows the emotional limitations of shrewd men ("The Turn of the Wheel").

Another group, with rural settings, is the result of chance associations with villagers during the periods of Crackanthorpe's life in the country. "In Cumberland" tells the tragic story of a curate who, near death, calls to his bedside his sweetheart of five years past, now the wife of a wealthy squire. Thinking death is near, the woman cheers him with avowals of love. The curate recovers, gives up the church, sells his furniture, and calls for the woman, prepared to go away with her and start life again. She confesses, however, that only pity prompted her avowals. "Anthony Garsten's Courtship" is the story of a rustic in love with a girl unacceptable to his mother. When the girl gets into trouble by association with another man, the rustic marries her, knowing that by claiming he is the cause of the girl's misfortune he can win the stubborn parent. "A Dead Woman" tells how a country doctor, broken-hearted at the death of his young wife, forgives the man who has been her

clandestine lover. The two men, united by a common bond of love, console one another by talking of the dead woman's perfections.

Two stories, obviously the result of slumming expeditions, constitute the third group. In "The Struggle for Life" the wife of a drunkard sells herself in order to buy food for her children. In "Embers" a laborer, remembering his former love for his wife, forgives her time and again when, debauched and half-sane, she returns to bleed him.

Of Crackanthorpe's stories, three are light in tone and mildly amusing; otherwise there is little or no humor in his writings. A persistent intensity generally prevails. Crackanthorpe's '*vision personnelle du monde*' was essentially tragic and unrelied by philosophy or cynicism. He never hints at the significance of happenings. Philosophy is only employed to enforce the impression, which his writings give, of the deep uncertainty, the profound instability of life. Hiller naturally expresses the author's view:

Now and then the thought of the nullity of life, of its great, unsatisfying quality, of the horrid squalor of death would descend upon him with its crushing, paralyzing weight; and he would lament, with bitter, futile regret, the lack of a secure standpoint, and the continual limits of his self-absorption; but even that, perhaps, was a mere literary melancholy, assimilated from certain pages of Pierre Loti.

And here again Crackanthorpe compares unfavorably with Maupassant, for Maupassant's '*vision personnelle du monde*' was less severe, less rigid. A pervading Gallic animalism by some strange magic tints the pitiful with the pathetic in the Frenchman's writings; the immensity and organic union of creation seemed ever in his thoughts, lending perspective to the affairs of mice and men. Maupassant did not depend upon the grouping of '*petits faits*' to show the profound and concealed significance of incidents. A deft phrase or sentence, sometimes keenly insinuating, sometimes grimly pathetic, sometimes of a sophisticated nature, gives point to his accounts; often carries suggestions of universality. Maupassant's theory is unrelated to touches of genius.

Crackanthorpe did not learn all that his masters had to teach. He could not have given us a Rodolphe, an Homais; he could not have written *Bel-Ami*, for a broad conception of human society in motion was beyond his range. But something might be said on the other side. For neither Flaubert nor Maupassant could show the fine integrity of Lord Lingard and his daughter; neither could deal so sympathetically with the theme of devotion; neither would have dared to weave a story of the meagre threads which Crackanthorpe sometimes employed. And, yes, neither would have dared to stick so closely to the fiction-for-art's-sake theory as the English disciple did.

In attempting a final estimate of Crackanthorpe's work I must be guarded. For in fiction no basis of excellence other than that of continued popularity is accepted, and Crackanthorpe was never popular. In England he alone wrote consistently according to the Flaubertian principles, and his place in English literature is, therefore, unique. We see that he was a slave to an exacting theory—that of Flaubert refined by Maupassant, and further refined by himself. That the theory is a good one is above question; that it is too good is probable. Of all realists he is the most scrupulous—Maupassant possibly excepted. If a lesson is to be learned from the oblivion into which his name has fallen it is this: Don't step off the top of the ladder.

WILLIAM C. FRIERSON

Ohio State University.

SCHOLARS AND OTHERS

It seems to be a commonplace of the American literary scene that American professors are mostly dull and stockish pedants. Mr. Mencken has been saying so, in his deft way, for some fifteen years. Stuart Sherman, dissecting the average forty-year old professor, found the mind and soul of the village busybody. Mr. Leonard Bacon executed an airy Byronic dance upon unpleasant representatives of the profession he had abandoned. Mr. Ernest Boyd feels complacently "blasphemous" and bold when he creates academic men of straw with impossible opinions about the literary classics in order that he may bowl them over. And, quite lately, Mr. Canby, surveying the Modern Language Association from his Olympian throne, acknowledges some merits in the methods and results of American literary scholarship, but, with tempered severity, declares that scholars on the whole do not approach Emerson's ideal; they cannot see the forest for the roots of the trees. "The American scholar has embraced one cold ideal in the past half century and let the rest go glimmering. He has made himself a scientist. . . . He has thrown aside intuition for experiment, given over interpretation for discovery, let go his conception of a Whole in order to concentrate upon minutest Parts."

Where there has been so much smoke one presumes that there must be some fire, or perhaps, in this case, a heap of ashes. Traditional gibes at scholars of course are traditional and of no great weight. But Mr. Canby's verdict, an editorial leading article in our leading review, is delivered *ex cathedra*, or from the bench, and is intended to provoke earnest soul-searching among the army of prisoners at the bar. Are American scholars as pale as they are painted, are they boring "like maggots in a cheese"? Mr. Canby sums up, with his usual judicial moderation, opinions of American scholars and scholarship which have been expressed with almost monotonous unanimity by observers of varying degrees of competence, occasional rebellious scholars, critical gossips in the reviews, ultra-literary under-

graduates, Mr. Percy Marks, and others who are on the side of the angels. If the verdict is true, it is a very serious indictment. If it is not true, or true only in a limited degree, then it is a pity that our chief organ of sweetness and light should give its authority to an opinion only too readily caught up and echoed by the half-educated writers who form our minds.

Universities, Mr. Canby says, encourage the divorce between scholarship and the intellectual life.

In a request for bibliographies of "productions" by its faculty, a great university recently stated that only articles or books which "contributed to knowledge" should be included, articles for "popular magazines," book reviews, and all creative work which did not give new facts were directly or by implication excluded. This is the usual specification for literary scholarship in America, and the condition for advancement in American universities.

Such statements, from an American professor, can only be called extraordinary. It would be much nearer the truth to say that in most American universities professors who write "popular" things are regarded with sometimes excessive veneration.

Of course everyone knows that there are scholars who, in the words of Mr. Guedalla, are so faithful to the Declaration of Independence that they consider all facts as born free and equal, who deposit lumps in the learned journals that have no value apart from a possible increase in salary. And everyone believes that research ought to be done *sub specie* . . . , by persons possessing comprehensive vision and imagination. If, among the many workers in this country, a number lack adequate cultivation and critical power, what else can one expect? We should prefer college faculties composed of men and women who fulfil Macaulay's definition of a scholar—one reads Plato with his feet on the fender—but we have our Sparta and might as well recognize that our variety of Spartan is not laconic but productive. Anyhow, hostile observers are prone to exaggerate the number of "maggots" at work. After all there is only a handful of learned journals in literary fields, and there are thousands of

college teachers; arithmetic alone would argue that most of them have other occupations than producing "legal tender" in the form of repellent articles. It is fair to assume that a goodly proportion—if not teaching or attending committees all the time—are improving their minds in satisfactorily æsthetic ways.

The charge of unintelligent, uninspired absorption in minute fact is the sort of easy generalization which the layman, for obvious reasons, gladly hugs to his bosom, especially in this country, where scholars and scholarship do not receive from the literary public the respect accorded them by European tradition. The average reviewer, which of course Mr. Canby is not, looks upon any piece of special research as a mound of pedantry. Sometimes it is, but much oftener than not the carper does not know enough to appreciate its value. The nailing of a fact on the wall of print will not cease to be important until literary gentlemen cease to write slapdash books and uninformed reviews. The name of T. S. Eliot carries weight in the most literary circles, and Mr. Eliot has some words which, coming from a distinguished poet and critic, may be pondered:

And any book, any essay, any note in *Notes and Queries*, which produces a fact of even the lowest order about a work of art is a better piece of work than nine-tenths of the most pretentious critical journalism, in journals or in books. We assume, of course, that we are masters and not servants of facts, and that we know that the discovery of Shakespeare's laundry bills would not be of much use to us; but we must always reserve final judgment as to the futility of the research which has discovered them, in the possibility that some genius will appear who will know of a use to which to put them. Scholarship, even in its humblest forms, has its rights; we assume that we know how to use it, and how to neglect it. Of course the multiplication of critical books and essays may create, and I have seen it create, a vicious taste for reading about works of art instead of reading the works themselves, it may supply opinion instead of educating taste. But *fact* cannot corrupt taste; it can at worst gratify one taste—a taste for history, let us say, or antiquities, or biography—under the illusion that it is assisting another. The real corrupters are those who supply opinion or fancy; and Goethe and Coleridge are not guilt-

less—for what is Coleridge's *Hamlet*: is it an honest inquiry as far as the data permit, or is it an attempt to present Coleridge in an attractive costume?

One would like to have these words, from one of the oracles of the younger literati (who find his mannerisms easier to imitate than his erudition), posted up in the offices of our reviews, to be read by the young men and women just out of college who frequently dismiss a work of scholarship with a flippant sneer.

But it is not merely youth that lacks scholarship and respect for scholarship. We have grown accustomed, as Mr. Bernbaum has pointed out with some asperity, to seeing classics of English literature edited by critics who simply do not know the subject they are writing about, and we are expected to believe that their usually inadequate and sometimes silly introductions are higher in the intellectual scale than the discovery of new facts, which is the lowest order of scholarship. One journalistic comment on Mr. Bernbaum's strictures was to the effect that Ph.D.'s are dull fellows, while the literary gentlemen have imagination and can write. The mode of reasoning is something like this: Ph.D.'s are, by nature and destiny, barren rascals; most literary critics are not Ph.D.'s; the critics are imaginative and sensitive and best qualified to elucidate a bygone classic. The syllogism would not seem to be irrefragable. Our learned journals are said to be dull from an excess of fact and a minimum of intuition; our weekly reviews have a minimum of fact and an excess of intuition. Which is the work of "a man thinking"? Perhaps neither, but the fact at least is true, and the intuition frequently false, and the fact, as Mr. Eliot says, will be of use to the thinking man.

But, say Mr. Canby and the chorus in general, American scholars do not discriminate, they pursue all facts, they investigate the writings of deservedly forgotten people. Mr. Canby knows, though his article is not quite consistent, that the study of minor literature is indispensable not merely for reconstructing the workings of the human mind, which is a valuable end in itself, but also for re-creating as far as possible the world in which the greatest works of art were engendered. Has it not

been said, by a critic not in servitude to the fact, that nothing which has ever interested the human spirit is without interest for us? In future ages scholars will be exhuming many long dead books produced in our own time, and destined, according to our critics, for permanence, and they will be doing it, in the face of complaints, in order to learn what average persons were writing, reading, and thinking in that age of minor literature, the third decade of the twentieth century. Mr. Canby mentions, as a phenomenon impossible in our day, Arnold's generalizing about Celtic literature in entire ignorance of Celtic; and while Arnold's habitual concentration on the great writers is in some respects a gain, in others it is a loss, for Arnold did not know enough about backgrounds, currents of thought, minor literature.

Mr. Canby is of course aware of the immense mass of information accumulated by modern research, but he hardly takes sufficient account of it in chiding American scholars. When Emerson pictured his ideal, scholarship was comparatively simple in method and limited in scope and materials, limited also, one might add, in the matter of accuracy, for Emerson himself, was not a scholar; he was, generally, something better but he was given to basing pretentiously oracular pronouncements on shaky foundations. Nowadays the competent editing of a single author may be beyond the powers of a simple man, however able and learned. We may deplore specialization, but we cannot escape it. Mr. Saintsbury is perhaps the last of the voluminous polymaths, and, with all deference to that genial saurian, one remembers that a respectable squad of mousers have been kept busy correcting his mistakes. And, with the same deference, the same thing is true of Sir Sidney Lee and Sir Edmund Gosse and others, including some Americans, who would more nearly meet the Emersonian requirements than the less gifted but honorable toilers who have followed their tracks.

Further, are the talents, the imagination and sense of humor, of scholars to be judged from their learned articles? "Here", says Mr. Canby, as he prepares to toss and gore the *Publications* of the Modern Language Association, "here is the corpus

from which one can argue the presence or absence of a soul", though later he admits that "if the American scholar has conformed in his production, his mind has been free". Surely there is a style for all things, and one does not write an essay on Pepys in the manner of a *New Republic* editorial on Mr. Coolidge. Granted that Americans, whether scholars or novelists or critics, do not generally err on the side of the literary graces, a learned journal is not the place for pleasant *causeries*; we have enough of them elsewhere. The cost of publication alone compels strict attention to business, and because an article is dry—to those ignorant of the subject—it scarcely follows that the author is dry also. Bibliography, for instance, is a hideous spectre to the literary amateur, who commonly prefers to send his soul boating among masterpieces, but bibliography has done new and immense service in recent years and still has immense service to do. Is bibliography to be presented in the style, if one could achieve it, of Mr. Beerbohm?

Workers in American graduate schools, says Mr. Canby, are warned away from criticism, and he adds that the *caveat* may be wise. The statements need some qualification. There is a deal of valuable work, not of the first order, that can best be done by thesis-writers, and it is not necessarily bad because it is not something else; nor does it obviate the need for thinking independently. But, anyhow, one wonders what graduate teachers set their faces against criticism in dissertations. Indeed it would be hard to find any who do not welcome it, who do not urge their students to interpret facts and not merely excavate them. But in this country where everybody writes it is an axiom that a bad novel indicates a larger and finer soul than a good thesis.

Mr. Canby uses the word "American" throughout, as if he were diagnosing a peculiarly American disease. This is a common attitude among American literati, especially the younger sort, but one hardly expects it from a Yale professor. Our young people are fond of invoking European comparisons in order to expose the failings of American pedants. So we have no classicists who write with the urbane grace of Gilbert Mur-

ray, J. W. Mackail, Andrew Lang. We have no professors of English who write like Saintsbury, Raleigh, Ker, Grierson; instead we have an army of card-indexers, destitute of ideas and æsthetic sensibility.

Assuming that such insistent complaints have some justification, one may wonder if European urbanity can be expected, even in professors of literature, in a land where education fights a difficult battle with football, movies, automobiles, and the radio; where, if expensive advertisements can be trusted, many thousands of well-to-do people buy literary conversation in handbooks, and receive fresh intellectual pabulum in monthly doles from distributing centers. It is not in this virile, eager air that European scholars live. They do not have to defend their right to exist, nor do they have to "sell" literature to hordes of undeveloped barbarians. But the shortcomings which Mr. Canby finds in American scholarship are amply evident abroad. It is a question if the English *Modern Language Review* and *Review of English Studies* possess much more soul to the page than the *Publications* of the M. L. A. which provide Mr. Canby's text. Would Mr. Canby cast into outer darkness such men as Sir Edmund Chambers, Messrs. R. W. Chambers, Pollard, Greg, McKerrow, Simpson, Reed, Keynes, E. de Sélincourt, and many other Englishmen who, in sundry dry and scientific ways, have furthered our knowledge and appreciation of English literature? The fact is that the best American scholarship is like the best European scholarship, while American literary amateurishness is even less informed than the corresponding kind of writing abroad. Barren pedantry is the same everywhere.

One does not need to limit comparisons with Europe to scholars. What of American authors in general? How many of them can be placed on a level with Shaw, Kipling, Yeats, Bridges, Galsworthy, Bennett, even Wells? What American novelist has the genuine culture of Mr. Woolf or Aldous Huxley or E. M. Forster? American novelists, whatever their native talents, seem to be largely uneducated, like their public. Mr. Dreiser writes as if he had not read much English, Mr. Anderson as if

he had read little but his own works. Mr. Lewis's intellectual background is that of a rebellious sophomore who has read Mr. Mencken. Are some of these men, and many other American novelists of less note, quite beyond the range of Mr. Canby's reproaches, or are they slaves to the minute fact, do they achieve interpretation and spiritual values? How much of contemporary American fiction is only reporting, good or bad,—and how often do the reviewers call it such? Mr. Cabell's ironic sophistication and suave erudition have given him a place apart, as an exotic, but Mr. Cabell's goods, it may be suspected, are mostly in the shopwindow. On the whole, literary cultivation is so far to seek that Mr. Elmer Davis, who can write about Catullus—though without absorbing his subject's love of pure diction,—seems, not being a professor of Latin, almost a freak in nature.

Or look at the poets. Mr. Housman is of course one of the most learned men alive, and his best lyrics, slight in a sense as they are, show the scholar as well as the artist. The best work of Mr. Bridges is in part the distillation of a life-time of literary study. Mr. Binyon is a distinguished authority on art. The English poets, not to prolong the list, from Housman and Bridges down to Noyes and Squire, are, if not scholars, scholarly. Whatever their varying distinction in poetry, not many American poets have any close contact with literature and tradition, and their poetry is so much the poorer. If it be said that learning is not part of any imaginative author's craft, literary history says otherwise. Those aspects of contemporary American literature which have been celebrated as representing a break with effete tradition, a truly American renaissance, are often merely the rawness of comparative illiteracy. We have a much greater multitude of the half-educated, both writers and readers, than European countries, and the consequence is lower standards in creative writing.

Standards are also lower in critical journalism. For if American scholars fall short of the ideal, where are American reviewers? Imagine Mr. Mencken, our best-known intellectual leader, in a French review; or compare our literary journals

with those of Europe. Professors convene to talk rather than to read or hear papers, Mr. Canby truly observes, and it may be added that one of the commonest topics of professorial talk is the feebleness of American reviewing. Between laboriously whimsical chit-chat and amiable log-rolling, independent and intelligent criticism is looked for almost in vain. During the year the literary weeklies canonize book after book, and at the end of the year where are most of them? One expects a critical journal to be critical, to be a responsible leader, not a mirror of the passing show. A very few American periodicals generally maintain a high standard of reviewing, but for the most part the columns of the reviews are nearer publishers' blurbs than criticism. Youth pats youth on the back, and age looks on with kindly indulgence. One longs, not for the flail of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, but for Dr. Johnson's honest, vigorous sanity and sense of proportion. A good many scholars, pedantic as their own productions seem to be, are given to avowing, in private meetings, something like nausea over the spineless criticism, the coterie ballyhoo, of the professedly literary papers.

"But the horizon is not dark," says Mr. Canby, concluding on a cheerful note. "Universities, fumbling toward the light, ask poets, essayists, playwrights, to live and talk with them, and no questions asked except that they should be what they are." It is pleasant to be assured that universities are fumbling toward the light, though there may be less certainty about the source of illumination; as Bishop Wilson said, one needs to be sure that one's light is not darkness. Doubtless the poets, essayists, and playwrights who sojourn for some time in a university become real beacons, but the travelling lecturers are mostly another story. Now and then one of these creative artists does contribute a gracious note, but quite often it is they who do the fumbling. Many of them regard their mere presence in the backwoods, far from New York, as in itself a sufficient gift, and their well-rewarded discourses are such as a humble professor would hesitate to thrust upon a freshman class.

Tried, then, by European or American standards, American scholars, whatever their collective failings, do not fall conspic-

uously low. If the rank and file are not possessed by the divine afflatus, that lack is characteristic of the rank and file in all vocations. The achievements of American scholarship warrant at least a doubt if it is entirely on the wrong tack. "It has pinned all of literature to a fact," says Mr. Canby, "when a fact is not all of literature. That is why we Americans have done more than our share in the rewriting of the history of English literature, and left that literature as art, as ideas, as emotion, pretty much where we found it."

American scholarship, then, is an adherent of the Gradgrind creed. But in a paper last year in *Studies in Philology* Professor Stoll, whose own writings have made facts the servants of ideas, goes deeper than Mr. Canby and reaches a somewhat different verdict. He regrets, as others do, barren researches and barren demonstrations, but he finds that American scholarship is carried away not so much by devotion to the fact as by winds of doctrine, "the monstrous and spectral imaginations of the *unpoetic* mind". This fallacious method also claims to be scientific, and, like much of our so-called science, is mythological.

Where is the scholar to find an inspiring faith and gospel?
Are American scholars

here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night?

To say that there are different planes of scholarship, all in their way essential, is not to say that all service ranks the same with God. American scholars have done more than any others to illuminate as art, as ideas, as emotion, Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, and many other great and less great figures. That is not a reason for complacency, for not striving always towards the higher levels of scholarship, but it ought to be some defence against too easy and hasty criticism of the less obviously valuable efforts which are a natural and not invariably futile accompaniment of real progress. It is a record of achievement which invites one to look about for the permanent contributions made by popular literary criticism, which deals so directly

with art and ideas and emotion. Anyhow, as Mr. Canby says, "scholars in literature should be poets even if they never write a line of verse", and men are not necessarily blind to the vision splendid or deaf to, angelic voices, because the outward and visible sign of their faith may be only a heavy and unlovely wax candle.

DOUGLAS BUSH.

University of Minnesota.

LONG HOUSE

You cannot know how terrible and strange
It seems to me that now she has to lie
Out of sight of the sun's bright golden eye
And out of touch with the moon. She used to range
The streets and parks bathed in the sun and moonlight,
Thoughtless most of the day, thoughtful at night,
But swimming always in the reflected glow
From the lava fields of the sun or the moon's white
meadows of snow.

I cannot vision her without the flare
Of morning sunlight falling through her hair,
I cannot think of her without the moon
Of whitest midnight, the yellow sun of noon,
Without the shadows' laughter in the park;
I cannot see her silent in the dark.

MERRILL MOORE.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT AMERICA

The French have never been great travelers, but they are excellent reporters. Endowed by nature with the gift of intellectual curiosity, they are quick to note the distinguishing features of a new environment, while French educational methods have trained them to classify their observations and to seek the general conclusion that lies behind a multitude of particular instances. Add to these qualities a taste for self-expression, and it results that when a French diplomat, scholar, novelist or business-man returns to France from a visit in the United States, his outward-bound baggage is likely to contain a number of well-filled notebooks. Precise figures as to the number of such manuscripts are necessarily lacking, since this class of exports escapes the notice of the customs officials, but it may be readily presumed that the majority have little permanent value. Among the more significant records, Paul Bourget's *Outre-Mer*, though written thirty-five years ago, may still be read with pleasure for its sharply-etched pictures of American society. Credit should also be given to two of Professor Siegfried's colleagues at the École des Sciences Politiques, Paul de Rousiers and the late Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, for excellent studies of the United States near the turn of the century.

In this country—whatever may be the judgment of the French themselves on the matter—M. Siegfried's book¹ has undoubtedly provoked more widespread interest and discussion than any similar work of French origin since de Tocqueville's famous treatise on the American Democracy. Critics have not hesitated to compare the two, although in reality the authors have pursued very different aims. It will be recalled that in de Tocqueville's book, every observation is related to, and every

¹André Siegfried: *Les États-Unis d'Aujourd'hui*, Librairie Armand Colin, Paris, 1927. Published in the United States under the title, *America Comes of Age*, Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, 1927.

trait seen as the consequence of, the principle of equality. Sensing a world-wide swing towards democracy, and wishing to know how the democratic man behaves, the author chooses the United States as the most likely field of observation and reflection. His work is to a large extent abstract in method, and seeks conclusions of universal application. M. Siegfried's aims are much more modest. His purpose is simply to present a picture of some of the more characteristic phases of post-war America. Where de Tocqueville philosophizes, M. Siegfried is content to report.

To speak of M. Siegfried's book as a piece of reporting, however, is not to imply that it has the slightest resemblance to the ordinary collection of traveler's notes. The reader who expects to find in these pages the usual record of three weeks in New York and one week each in Washington and Boston, the visit to the Capitol, the luncheon at the White House, and the inevitable witticisms at the expense of American ice-water and American sleeping-cars, will be agreeably disappointed. The value of this work lies precisely in the fact that it is not a collection of superficial first impressions. M. Siegfried's observations are based on repeated trips to this country. He has visited every State in the Union, knows the cities, and is aware of the existence of the small towns. He realizes that the Alleghenies are no longer the western frontier, and that it is impossible to understand the United States without understanding what the people are thinking in Dayton, Tennessee. But in addition to the wide range of his personal experiences, M. Siegfried brings to his task an equipment that seldom falls to the lot of an ordinary traveler. A keen student of economic geography, he is able to trace in American history the working of economic determinism, and to discern, behind the disordered confusion of politics, the fundamental antagonisms of city and countryside, the rivalry of section against section. Most books on the United States by foreigners leave with the American reader an indefinable impression that he has been reading about a foreign country. In M. Siegfried's book—and herein, it may be presumed, lies the explanation of its American success—the

reader is continually experiencing the pleasurable glow of recognition, and responding with inward applause to some characterizing epithet or pat illustration. The features may not always be viewed in the most favorable light, but the face is unmistakably ourselves.

M. Siegfried's book is divided into three main sections. In the first section, the author subjects to a faintly ironical scrutiny the various manifestations of an aggressive national spirit that have marked the period since the Armistice. The essential note of post-war America, as he sees it, is the belligerent attitude of the native American element, which has begun to feel itself menaced from within. This element, having suddenly awakened to the presence of powerful foreign influences in its midst, has taken up arms in self-defense and rallied its forces with the cry of 'America for the Americans'. The most obvious expression of this determination to safeguard the traditional American civilization is to be found, of course, in the laws of 1921 and 1924 with regard to immigration, whereby the country expressed in unmistakable terms its desire to remain, not simply white, but Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. But the restriction of immigration is only one phase of the new nationalism. In addition, M. Siegfried notes the increasing insistence on conformity of opinion and the various attempts to enforce conformity by legislation. The anti-evolution laws and the Oregon public school law are cited in illustration. Closely related thereto is the Eighteenth Amendment, which—while not aimed directly at any particular group—has provoked a hostile alignment of the native Protestant country districts against the alien populations of the cities. The controversy between fundamentalists and modernists M. Siegfried sees, not merely as a conflict of theological doctrines but as a strife between sections, in which the hostility of the rural South and West is directed as much against the money power and the cities as against science and the Pope. In the Ku Klux Klan, this exacerbated nationalism finds its perfect flowering.

M. Siegfried does not shirk the difficult task of defining the essential qualities of this native-American civilization. He lays

particular stress on its Protestant-Calvinistic origins. The Calvinistic doctrine, in his eyes, has always been primarily a doctrine of action, teaching that the duty of the individual is to sanctify society. In a Protestant civilization, religion and practical affairs are closely allied, since all good work is considered to be work for God. Thus religious duty and self-interest are easily confused, wealth appears as a sign of the divine approbation and efficiency becomes a Christian virtue. This union of the desire to reform and the desire to succeed, as expressed in the twentieth-century cult of "service", is the great motive-force of what M. Siegfried calls our Protestant, Anglo-Saxon civilization.

During the nineteenth century the United States proclaimed itself the land of opportunity and wrote on its doorstep the word Welcome. The doctrine of America for Americans, as M. Siegfried observes, is comparatively recent. To-day, despite the numbers and prestige of its adherents, it does not hold the field alone. The more brilliant of the foreign element oppose a stubborn resistance. Conscious of their own worth, they refuse to admit that they can contribute nothing of value to American civilization, and demand the right to collaborate in upbuilding the America of the future. This element includes many able writers; its political power is growing; year by year it makes greater and greater inroads upon the strongholds of business and finance. Upon the issue of the struggle depends the soul of a nation,—and the outcome is still in suspense.

In the second part of his book, M. Siegfried describes the new economic equilibrium of America. The causes of our present prosperity are carefully analyzed and the conclusion is reached that this prosperity—based as it is on our superb resources, immense interior market and vastly improved industrial technique—is fundamentally sound. The author lays considerable stress on the comparative unimportance of foreign trade to our economic life, but predicts that we shall become increasingly dependent on foreign countries for essential raw materials. He notes that we are now playing the rôle of an old country in our business dealings with a large part of the world, and dis-

cusses the anomalies of our position as a creditor nation with a favorable balance of trade. It is to this part of the work that the title of *America Comes of Age*, which the publishers have chosen for the English translation, finds its application.

In the third section, M. Siegfried has written some delightful and penetrating chapters on American politics. He notes that in this country the state is not considered to be a superior entity, directing the mass of the citizens from Olympian heights above and beyond their comprehension. On the contrary, the state is regarded as the agent of society, and society expresses itself through its own activities as well as through the state. M. Siegfried agrees with the conclusions reached by Professor Munro in his book on *The Invisible Government*, that the leading rôle in American politics is played by the innumerable unofficial groups and associations of special interests. These groups, acting in behalf of every idea, ideal, or material interest of the slightest consequence, exert direct pressure on the nation's representatives through powerful lobbies, and manipulate public opinion to their own ends by the most insidious type of propaganda. Such associations as the National Association of Manufacturers, the Farm Bureau, the American Federation of Labor and the Anti-Saloon League are to all intents and purposes the counterpart of the political parties in many states of Continental Europe. By comparison, the American political parties appear as mere mechanisms for securing office.

Owing to the immensity of the United States, a national party in this country is necessarily a coalition of widely divergent interests. What have the Democrats of New York and New Orleans, the Republicans of Pennsylvania and South Dakota in common, save a desire for office? The programme of such a party tends inevitably to become a sort of common denominator, grappling bravely with dead issues and abounding in citations from the founding fathers. Traditionally, the Democrats are supposed to champion the interests of the consumer, the Republicans of the producer. But the really important matters are generally settled *in camera* and voted by large non-partisan majorities.

Turning to the field of international relations, M. Siegfried readily discerns the privileged place occupied by England in American regard. This special position is a development of the past twenty-five years and marks definitely the passing of an old and carefully-fostered hatred. The new relationship, entirely unromantic, has something of the solidity of a family tie. American sentiments towards France, on the other hand, appear to move in cycles of intense admiration and dislike. Despite certain common traditions, the differences between the two civilizations are in M. Siegfried's judgment so profound that a genuine mutual understanding is practically impossible.

Collaboration with Europe may be desired by certain intellectuals, but the problem of the Orient is a matter of greater general concern, amounting in the Pacific States to a vital interest. The insistence of California forced a hesitant administration to adopt the complete exclusion of Asiatic immigration. At Washington, the United States showed its willingness to collaborate with the British Dominions in whatever measures were required to stem the rising tide of color. The sentiment of racial ties appears to be forcing this country to assume a rôle of which it is not yet fully conscious, as leader of the White Countries.

The preceding paragraphs have presented a bare and inadequate outline of M. Siegfried's observations on the American scene. These observations, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, are supported by an ample documentation and clarified by a number of excellent maps. No summary could render even approximate justice to the charm, lucidity, and penetrating wit of these pages. It is only when dealing with what may for convenience's sake be called the missionary spirit, that the author's "*souci de l'objectivité*" appears momentarily to desert him. Paul Bourget says that it is difficult for the Latin races not to regard with suspicion an adult human being who rushes about doing good to others. It would seem, however, that this class of phenomena, alien as it may be to the Latin temperament, is entitled to be considered with impartiality. Let the missionary be judged by what he accomplishes. It may be questioned whether

M. Siegfried's views on the danger of trying to improve the lot of others are shared by the inhabitants of invaded Belgium and of many a commune in devastated France.

In the final chapter of this book, M. Siegfried has developed a number of conclusions* with regard to the divergent trends of contemporary civilization in Europe and America. In the field of material well-being, the American advance is so great as to constitute a difference in kind as well as in degree. As compared with the States of Europe, a country that possesses one automobile for every five inhabitants and other goods in proportion is literally a new world. This material progress, however, has been achieved at the expense of certain human qualities and individual privileges which Europe has been accustomed to regard as the very flower of civilization. The society that we are creating is a *société de rendement*—a standardized society whose virtue is Conformity and whose God is Efficiency. Undermined by powerful influences to which it can oppose no effective resistance, the institution of the family seems to be breaking down, leaving the individual without a place of refuge from the tyranny of the group. In such a society there is little room for artistic or intellectual endeavor, and even our personal liberties appear to be endangered.

While recognizing that these conclusions are not without foundation, it is difficult for the American reader not to regard them as distinctly overdrawn. The criticism of American materialism is at least as old as de Tocqueville, who nearly one hundred years ago wrote that in the United States the love of well-being is the master passion. The statesman-philosopher might well have added, however, that in every period and every nation the thoughts of the majority of the inhabitants have been similarly preoccupied. It is probably true that in this country materialistic ideas are unusually articulate. To conclude that American civilization is as a consequence condemned to intellectual sterility is to ignore the preponderant rôle that en-

*These conclusions have been amplified in a subsequent article entitled "The Gulf Between", published in *The Atlantic Monthly* (March, 1928).

lightened minorities have always played in fashioning a nation's culture. One has only to recall the part played by the city of Paris in the development of French civilization to realize that science, literature and the arts are fundamentally the province of an élite. In America, as M. Siegfried concedes, the great cities and many of the university towns harbor groups of people who are interested in ideas for their own sake. M. Siegfried cannot be unaware that the vitality and creative power of these centers have never been so great as to-day. His statement that America has never produced any national art can scarcely be reconciled with recent American achievements in such fields as urban architecture, fiction, the theatre, and the motion picture.

It may likewise be questioned whether in the United States personal liberty and the rights of the individual are as seriously endangered as M. Siegfried appears to believe. De Tocqueville called attention to the fact that every democratic society must combat an inherent tendency to degenerate by imperceptible degrees into a despotism of the majority. In the United States, however, this tendency is to a large extent neutralized by certain corrective influences. De Tocqueville notes as the first of these influences the existence of vigorous institutions for self-government and corresponding lack of a centralized administration. A second safeguard is the readiness with which the Americans group themselves in voluntary associations. Like the feudal barons, these associations interpose themselves between the individual and a hostile society, playing the rôle of powerful citizens whom it is difficult to oppress. It matters little that, like their predecessors, they themselves have sometimes proved to be instruments of oppression. M. Siegfried, noting that certain of these organizations have not shrunk from employing the most questionable methods to impose their own solutions upon a reluctant citizenry, regards them as a menace. He fails to see that the proper answer to the illiberal association is the liberal association. The power to form associations was rightly regarded by de Tocqueville as one of the pillars of democracy.

M. Siegfried to the contrary notwithstanding, it does not appear that the instinct for group action is necessarily opposed to a full development of the individual personality. The French themselves, in some respects the most individualistic of nations, are an eminently sociable people. The Frenchman is most himself in the society of his coequals. It matters little whether the *milieu* be the grand salon of the Duchesse de Guermantes or the Grand Café at Joinville-le-Pont, provided he can speak and be spoken to, hear and be heard, talk politics or poetry, compose a compliment or an epigram, smile, argue, flatter, and make love. Social life is his most cherished medium of self-expression. Is there no analogy, then, between the sociability of the French and the associability of the Americans? The differences seem superficial. True to the genius of his race, the American must organize—draw up a constitution, elect officers, nominate a chairman and appoint committees. But it is permitted to hope that the contacts thus established will enrich rather than impoverish his personality. In numbers there is stimulus as well as strength. "Les sentiments et les idées ne se renouvellent", wrote de Tocqueville, "le cœur ne s'agrandit, et l'esprit humain ne se développe que par l'action réciproque des hommes les uns sur les autres."

G. RIPLEY CUTLER.

Boston, Massachusetts.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE REALM OF LITERATURE

THE REALM OF LITERATURE. By Henry W. Wells. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. Pp. 182.

As the author states in the Preface, his book falls into two parts. The first deals with "the relation of literature to art in general, and, broadly speaking, with the relation of any book to any reader." The second deals with "special forms and problems of literature, rather than with literature as a whole."

The first chapter presents the æsthetic theory upon which the author professes to base his discussion of the art of literature. His point of departure is well summed up in the following sentence: "I know of no more sane and illuminating attitude from which to view art than to consider it as one of our three prevailing states of consciousness,—art, dream, and the normal awakened state,—as evolved from both dreaming and the awakened mind, acquiring certain qualities of its own, and retaining in more or less altered forms qualities from the two realms adjoining it" (pp. 2-3). His exposition is both illuminating and thought-provoking; but I cannot help feeling that he loses more than he gains by attempting to meet the Freudians half way. He shows (convincingly, I believe) that the Freudians are wrong; and yet he sometimes allows himself to drop into a sentence like the following: "But the artist acts towards us as God towards Joseph: he instructs us in a dream" (p. 6). His language does not always distinguish clearly between the artist's "visions" and actual dreams.

In the next chapter, on "The Springs of Art", the author reveals his splendid cosmopolitanism. I cannot refrain from quoting his summarizing sentence: "To observe not only all beauty in art and nature, but that beauty as reflected also in the æsthetic experiences of all men; to respond sympathetically to society; in a word, to live richly: this alone constitutes the ideal background for the cultivation of any art" (p. 33).

The third chapter gives us a discriminating exposition of the relation of literature to the other arts. Then comes what is perhaps the best chapter in the book, on "Literature and Dogmatism". The first three sentences will suggest something of the scope and tenor of the whole: "My object in the present chapter is to show how naturally the critical attitude arises towards both the art and morality of literature, and what conditions elevate such an attitude to heights of intense dogmatism. I shall discuss modern, expansive scholarship as a force that alleviates this dogmatic intensity. Finally, however, I shall attempt to show that even the most detached scholar will hardly regard literature without retaining something of the critical and moral points of view, his ideas merely sobered and enlarged by his wider range of discourse" (p. 55).

The first part of the book closes with a comprehensive discussion of "The Development of Literary Taste". Here, as all through the book, the author shows himself to be both a well-informed and a well-balanced thinker.

The second part of the book, entitled "Phases of Literature", deals with nine subjects. The discussions of the three following interest me the most: "Symbolism and Its Many Friends", "Beyond Sublimity", and "Literature and Science". On the whole, I find the first part of the book more valuable than the second; but all of it is worthy of being read and reflected upon.

THEODORE STENBERG.

The University of Texas.

MEDIÆVAL LEAFDRIFT

THE WANDERING SCHOLARS. By Helen Waddell. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. 1927. Pp. 292.

"The scholar's lyric of the twelfth century seems as new a miracle as the first crocus; but its earth is the leafdrift of centuries of forgotten scholarship." This sentence from the opening of a gifted young Englishwoman's study of the Wandering Scholars gives the clue to its manner as well as to its matter. For this interpreter of the Vagantes is, like them, poet as well as scholar, and her book is a rare blend of erudition with imagination.

Beginning with a glance at that precious heritage of classical learning from which the mediæval Latin lyric came to its "wild flowering", Miss Waddell passes to the break with the pagan tradition, that new sense of infinity that Christianity brought into the Latin lyric of the fourth century. Ausonius, Paulinus, Prudentius, Fortunatus—their grave names with fragments of their wistful, lovely music are caught from the twilight of those first centuries of the Middle Ages. There follows the wonder-tale of the Irish Golden Age: of those Irish scholars driven forth by fire and sword to carry to the farthest monasteries of Europe their love of classic literature, the native beauty of their lyrics. Their light was all but quenched in the centuries of Norse invasions, but dawn glimmers through the darkness of the tenth century: the dawn of drama, of modern music, of the love song.

With the eleventh century came the revival—the re-discovery—of antiquity, bringing with it the discovery of the goodness of the earth. With Abelard began the new order, the scholar for scholarship's sake, and his age, the first half of the twelfth century, saw the emergence of the *Ordo Vagorum*, whose spirit echoes through the centuries in words like these:

In those first days when youth in me was happy and life was swift in doing, and I wandering in the divers cities of sweet France, for the desire that I had of learning, gave all my might to letters.

The humanism of those twelfth and thirteenth-century lyrics the writer happily compares with that discovery of the dignity of man expressed in the wonderful thirteenth-century sculpture of Chartres. The heart of the book is in the chapters on the unknown "Arch Poet", and on the *Ordo Vagorum*, that burlesque order of vagabond scholars and clerics with the Bishop Golias for its legendary Grand-master, that flourished till the Church's sentence of degradation in 1221 spelled its doom. "Rebels against authority, greedy of experience, haunted by beauty, spendthrift and generous, fastidious and gross, the temperament abides."

The final chapter appraises the scholar's lyric so miraculously preserved in the thirteenth century manuscript, relic of a lost world, the *Carmina Burana*. Earthy as they are, it is an earthiness "cleansed by their background of rain-washed April". The last of them, written just before the condemnation of their singers, "are not only the last flowering of the Latin tongue: they are like the Cavalier lyric, the last utterance of a doomed order". Of their value as literature, Miss Waddell admits that they have not "the sudden miracle" of the earliest vernacular lyric; but her book makes good her claim that "they kept the imagination of Europe alive: held untouched by their rags and poverty and squalor the Beauty that had made beautiful old rhyme".

It is a rare type of scholarship that can mould the stuff of learning into a work of art—a type to which *The Road to Xanadu* belongs. For the learning, the appendices bristling with mediæval Latin, the formidable bibliography, speak literally volumes. The art, already illustrated by the foregoing citations, is best shown in the translations from these lyrics which preserve so much of their original quality. So completely assimilated is this mass of erudition, so swift are the transitions, so intricate is the maze of allusions, that the unlearned reader sometimes sighs for the guidepost of a date, the resting-place of a summary—for a little of the pedestrain plainness of the American thesis! Parts of the earlier chapters are almost as obscure as the times with which they deal, and there are crucial instances, the famous "Pervigilium Veneris", the mythical Goliath, that deserve a clearer treatment. But these defects hardly mar the value of a work of scholarship, rare in any age, thrice precious "in an age when the classics", as Miss Waddell too truly says, "have met a deadlier enemy than the Blessed Gregory".

F. W. K.

NO APOLOGY, PLEASE

POEMS BY RICHARD CRASHAW. Edited by L. C. Martin. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Pp. 473.

The grand new edition of Crashaw which mates, in form and workmanship, the Oxford editions of Donne, Herrick, Milton, Marvell, and Vaughan, is memorable for its omission: there is no accompanying *apologia*. In his poetry as in his religious taste—his perfervid Romanism—Richard Crashaw was all for extremes: he was not merely an English 'metaphysical' poet, but having outdone Donne, he may justly be considered the most extravagant of the lot. The satirist whose god is restraint will pass by the author of *The Weeper* as one from whom, to quote Crashaw's first real critic, Pope, "nothing regular or just can be expected". He will produce for your confounding the only verses he recalls, the similitude of the Magdalen's tears—"Two walking baths, two weeping motions Portable and compendious oceans".

But we are living in an Alexandrianly eclectic age which boasts, among its poets, neo-metaphysicals as well as neo-classicists. That belated (or anticipatory) metaphysical, Miss Dickinson, would find herself in good company to-day with Mr. T. S. Eliot and Miss Elinor Wylie and Miss Laura Riding Gottschalk and Mr. Archibald Macleish. And the renaissance has meant the acclimating of the original manner and idiom. All this, one fancies, has done even more than our abundant scholarly and interpretative studies, toward making it possible for Mr. Martin to write by way of preface: "Neither does it seem necessary any longer to apologize for what used to be censured as his [Crashaw's] 'faults' of taste and expression. Attempts to read the literature of the seventeenth century in the spirit in which it was written are often more whole-hearted now than they used to be; and with no very violent effort of sympathy and imagination the modern student will be able to understand and enjoy some of the features of Crashaw's art which the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were wont to deplore."

The art has remained and the manner has received contemporary refurbishment, but the passion, the fire, have disappeared. Though learned and subtle, Crashaw was neither pedantic nor coolly intellectual; he was, like St. Teresa whom he so magnificently celebrated, a *Flaming Heart*. His poetry is not merely sensuous: it is passionate. Large were his 'draughts of intellectual day', but his 'thirsts of love' were yet more large. Nor for this proportion, either, is it necessary to apologise.

AUSTIN WARREN.

Boston University.

NATURE'S NOBLEMEN

THE NOBLE SAVAGE. By Hoxie Neale Fairchild. New York: Columbia University Press. Pp. 535.

Mr. Fairchild declares in his preface that his aim in writing this book was to discuss the savage in relation to romantic naturalism. In his opening chapter he defines romantic naturalism as "that peculiar form of naturalism which rises from a desire to find the supernatural within the natural, or, in other words, to achieve an emotionally satisfying fusion of the real and the unreal, the obvious and the mysterious". This definition is made less metaphysical by the historical statement that "the wave of illusioned naturalism which begins to arise about the middle of the eighteenth century and which has given rise to other forces by about 1830 includes not only the cult of scenery, but the cult of the child, the peasant, and the savage". Then the savage is specifically explained as any "free and wild being who draws directly from nature virtues which raise doubts as to the value of civilization". How this being became a popular enthusiasm during the Age of Romanticism forms the basis of Mr. Fairchild's investigation.

Whatever types might have become more fashionable than the noble savage by about 1830, he by no means died. If we are to take the contemptuous portraits of Sir Austin Feverel and Sir Willoughby Patterne as sincerely conceived, George Meredith, avowed believer in human perfectibility, was no enemy

of the noble savage. Thomas Hardy, with all his doctrine of futility, shows, especially in his poetry, that he saw something a little superior in such primitive persons as Tess Durbeyfield. Joseph Conrad was never so happy as he was when in the company of "natural people". What is undoubtedly one of the greatest of recent American novels, Miss Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, has as the idealized heroine one who, according to Mr. Fairchild's definition, must be considered a noble savage. Mr. Eugene O'Neill is perhaps best inspired when he studies the psychology of wild sailors and "hairy apes". Indeed, the noble savage, although we might know him under different names, is a most familiar acquaintance to all of us.

Mr. Fairchild assumes as much; to him the noble savage is eternal in literature. He finds the type in Ovid's picture of the Golden Age, in such mediæval works as the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* and the *Romance of the Rose*, and in the Renaissance pastoral. The tradition comes on down to the eighteenth century. Then, talked about and lauded by travel writers, idealized by philosophers of the school of Rousseau, the glorified peasant of the Golden Age becomes the noble savage, meets many enemies among the typical sons of the Age of Enlightenment, but in the end triumphs over them and has his day of glory.

The pages dealing with the writings of the travellers which were so instrumental in building up the cult of the noble savage form perhaps, from the scholar's point of view, the strongest section of Mr. Fairchild's study. Painstakingly documented, although offering little that is new, is the discussion of the combatants of the cult, of whom Dr. Johnson is naturally marked for particular stress. What Mr. Fairchild terms the "roll call" of the Romanticists, major and minor, makes up a large portion of the book. The treatment of the minor authors is especially valuable, in that many, known to-day only by name if at all, are resurrected and, as examined in the light of their enthusiasm for or against the noble savage, are made fairly well indentified personalities. Four chapters, philosophical in their import, follow the "roll call". They discuss such problems as the noble savage in rela-

tion to the child of nature, romantic love, the religion of nature, the natural man, and natural poetry; and are intended to show that the study of the noble savage is in reality a study of the romantic naturalism defined in the opening of the book.

The whole work, including the detailed index, is constructed after the highest ideals of close investigation and accurate scholarship. Few treatments of the various phases of Romanticism—not even Professor Beers' monumental two volumes on mediævalism—offer such an assembly of facts. Yet, they are facts presented in such a way that they become a chaos in which the reader loses interest, and himself. Mr. Fairchild is not only a scholar, but is a most pleasing writer. He moves his own individuality informally throughout the book, stopping to chat with us occasionally in order to make evident just how he is marshalling his army of facts. In the end, to our delight, he leaves his mass of knowledge behind him, steps out of his rôle as scholar, and in a brilliantly written conclusion states once and for all what his own sympathies and prejudices are towards the noble savage conception. It is sufficient here to say that he is nearer to Dr. Johnson and Mark Twain than to Rousseau and Fenimore Cooper.

VERNON LOGGINS.

Bronxville, N. Y.

LO, THE POOR JEW!

THAT MAN HEINE. By Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927.

The book under review is the biography of a Jew by a Jew. After all, it is only a Jew that can understand a Jew. Mr. Lewis Browne has put his finger on the mainspring of the tragedy in the life of Heine. The thesis of his book is that the poet, from almost his earliest conscious years up to the day of his death, felt that he belonged nowhere. Heine was, in the words of his latest biographer, "a man doomed never to belong. . . . The curse had fallen on him in the cradle: he could not *belong*". The Düsseldorf Jew realized all his life long that he was everywhere out of place. Throughout his life

Heine felt himself an exile: an exile in Germany, where he was born, no less than in France, whither he later emigrated; an exile among the Jews, from whom he descended no less than among the Christians, among whom he lived. He was a stranger in the Franciscan monastery of Düsseldorf in which he was placed by his parents for secular instruction; a stranger in the nationalist *Burschenschaft*, to which he belonged during his student days in Bonn and Göttingen; a stranger again among the "reform" Jews of Berlin, with whom he identified himself for a brief period; a stranger certainly in the new religion, official Protestantism, which he had put on, like a cloak, in order to be permitted to enter the legal profession. Heine belonged neither among the radicals who, on account of his artistic temperament, suspected him of aristocratic sympathies, nor among the reactionaries, who regarded him as a radical in his tendencies; neither among the Jews, who did not consider him loyal enough, nor among the Christians, who suspected his orthodoxy. Well, he simply did not belong.

Heine realized full well that what constituted his tragedy in the last analysis was his Jewish birth. His *Baths of Lucca* contain some bitter words against Judaism. He has a baptized Jew foam at his mouth in speaking of his origin:

The mischief take the old Jewish religion! I don't wish it to my worst enemy. It brings nothing but abuse and disgrace. I tell you, it isn't a religion but a misfortune.

But if Heine believed that he could change his fortune by changing his religion, he very soon learned that it was just as easy for a Jew to change his religion as a Moor to change his color or a leopard his spots. His conversion availed him nothing. His Jewish birth stuck to him as a shirt of Nessus. He continued to be regarded by his enemies as a Jew, a baptized Jew, if you will, but a Jew just the same. His enemy Platen never ceased to refer to him as "that Jew, Heine", and to call him "an impudent Jew".

Heine's friends, who took the same fatal step, fared no better. Henriette Herz, a brilliant Jewish woman, who held a literary

salon in Berlin, continued to be considered a Jewess in spite of her conversion. Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, whom Heine deeply admired and to whom he dedicated the "Lyric Intermezzo" in his *Book of Songs*, similarly considered her Jewish birth the cause of her unhappiness. She called it "a sword thrust into her heart by a supernatural being at the moment of her birth". No matter how hard this first great modern woman, as Georg Brandes calls her, tried to efface this Cain's mark upon her brow, she had to carry it throughout life and even in death. She suffered all her life long, notwithstanding her conversion, from the effects of her Jewish birth, and even now she is still called "the Jewess, Rahel".

Ludwig Börne, Heine's contemporary and brother in the cause of liberty, did not escape, either, the curse of his Jewish birth by his conversion to Christianity. Perpetual allusions to his Jewish descent were made alike by his friends and foes. With reference to these allusions, he writes in his *Letters from Paris* (February 7, 1832):

It is like a miracle! The thing is always happening, and yet is always new to me. One set of people reproach me with being a Jew; another set forgive me for it; but they one and all think of it.

These unhappy men even infected their Christian friends with their stigma. The group of young German writers who were in sympathy with the ideals of Börne and Heine were designated by Menzel as a Jewish party. "Young Germany", declared this denunciator, "is, in reality, Young Palestine."¹

Such has always been the fate of the men and women who change their religion. They break with their own group and are not admitted into the other. They stand between the two alone. They do not belong anywhere. The good Goethe showed that he well understood human nature when he said:

There is no doubt that a certain opprobrium, which seems impossible to avoid, attaches to every man who changes

¹ See also J. Weil: *Das junge Deutschland und die Juden*. Berlin, 1836.

his religion. This shows us that what men set most store by is steadfastness: and they value it the more, because, themselves divided into parties, they have their place and security in view.

What Goethe here says with reference to Winckelmann, the historian of classical art, who turned from Protestantism to Catholicism, is true in a still higher degree of the Jew who embraces Christianity. A stigma is attached to him which surpasses by far the prejudice from which he suffered previous to his conversion.

Heine well experienced the truth of Goethe's wise words in his own life. In his riper years he realized his error and wished to make amends. We need but compare the passage from the *Baths of Lucca* quoted above with his rhapsody on Börne's Jewish birth in his otherwise scurrilous pamphlet *On Börne* (1840). In speaking now so enthusiastically of Börne's Jewish origin, he was but defending his own descent.

When Heine died, he was gathered unto his fathers, to use a biblical expression. At last he was at rest. His exile had ended, "for he was at home at last, he *belonged*", to employ the concluding words of this biographer.

The book also contains a bibliography, which lists various editions of Heine's writings in German and English, and a number of critical essays on the poet written in English, French, German, and Italian. A few important omissions should be noted. It is surprising not to find, in this "Jewish" biography of Heine, any mention of the interesting study by Georg J. Plotke: *Heinrich Heine als Dichter des Judentums* (1913) and the recent French edition of Heine's Jewish writings, edited by Louis Laloy under the title *Ecrits juifs* and published in the collection *Judaïsme* (F. Rieder, Paris).

LACKING MEAT

SELECTED POEMS OF AMY LOWELL. Edited by John Livingston Lowes.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Pp. 244.

Piety has been well served in collecting from the eleven volumes of the late Amy Lowell's verse those separate pieces which especially appealed to Dr. Lowes of Harvard, the author of

The Road to Xanadu and *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, and himself the most competent person for the office. Through *The Selected Poems of Amy Lowell* shines the temperament of the poet refracted in poems which range from the gayest and even flippant to the taut, dry, almost hysterical excitement which she so often mistook for emotion. Here, if one ever doubted it, one may clearly see how faithfully Miss Lowell reported the pathological condition of her art: "My nerves betrayed me, lacking meat." Her white-hot agitations and the expansive nature of her poetic forms result in something which, whatever may be the æsthetic fate of her total achievement, will always interest the historian.

Miss Lowell's work is finished: the relative spirit, which is the spirit of criticism, has something to work upon. The fanfare which accompanied the now historic poetry "renaissance" of 1912 obviously distracted attention from the persistent problem in the criticism of poetry while for a short time it made possible for some restless poetasters a convenient vehicle for exhibiting their nervousness. Imagism, of which Amy Lowell was the most vociferous apostle, claimed to restore to the making of poetry a conscience for the exact word and the precise image. It succeeded chiefly in evoking a partisan spirit which, in turn, stimulated considerable interest in the tensivity of sensuous experience at the expense of intelligence.

Miss Lowell's evangelism for the popularization of poetry was touched with the hysteria which so exhausts one in reading her poetry. Insouciant, and as audacious as an Amazon, she flew like a flaming Boadicea over the battle-ground of poetic theory. She temporarily drew after her many who were temperamentally incapable of seeing that hers was a flank movement and that the main engagement was elsewhere.

Imagism is by no means exhausted, though one may clearly perceive that it was an aberration from the clear and shining wake left by Victorian melodism. "Swinburne and Rossetti", Miss Lowell said emphatically, "are not good masters to follow, no matter with what skill they themselves wrought"; and yet in following the tradition of Keats and Shelley (whom both Swin-

burne and Rossetti faithfully followed) Miss Lowell wrought a kind of poem which differs from theirs only in a deficiency of mastery over exact and exacting forms. Rationalize her defects as she might, she probably was constantly aware of her own impatience with precision and compactness. In the thin rim of her crescent, there are certain qualities which of course command respect and admiration: but there are also others which, seen against the full orb of the completed poetic act, reveal her total inadequacy.

"Schools are for those who can confine themselves within them. Perhaps," she confessed, "it is a weakness in me that I cannot." So she betrayed her awareness of her characteristic desultoriness. Diffuseness, exuberance, unconventionality mark all of her work. Extemporaneity, such as is disclosed in her poems, may serve to excite faulty or jaded sensibilities and make them respond to the sensuous excitements of a floating world; but over-addiction to her "sword-blades" makes necessary frequent application of "poppy seed". Nerves are needlessly excited at the expense of calm and steady intelligence. A restless experimenter, Miss Lowell's failure as a poet lies in the fact that she was more interested in novelties than in tested achievement. Keen, sensitive to sensuous impressions, she blithely passed through the blue shrines of images, happy as a child with a kaleidoscope, mistaking her joy in rioting nerves for the strong, athletic embrace of all experience. And, as a result, we have in this choice anthology of her best work, the pathetic exhibition of a rhetoric which, it must be confessed, is all subject and no predicate.

Of course, to a logical mind there is a predicate: but it is implicit rather than explicit. The point of Miss Lowell's poetry is that the dome of many-colored glass has been broken and its harmonious unity shattered into a million little fragments—all of them pretty.

W. S. K.

STUDIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE

THE BEST FRENCH SHORT STORIES OF 1926-27, AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE FRENCH SHORT STORY. Edited by Richard Eaton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928. Pp. 225.

It was a happy idea on the part of Mr. Richard Eaton to bring out each year a compilation of the cream of brief French fiction. The book under review, which is already the fourth in the series, covers the last six months of 1926 and the first six months of 1927, and contains short stories from the following authors: Maurice Audubert-Boussat, Henry Bordeaux, Frédéric Boutet, Romain Coolus, Henri Deberly, Louis Delattre, Pierre Dominique, Henri Duvernois, Charles Henry Hirsch, Edmond Jaloux, René Jolivet, Leo Larguier, Pierre Mille, Paul Morand, Jeanne Ramels-Cals, Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, Philippe Soupault, Charles Sylvestre, Binet-Valmer, and Colette Yver.

It may be called into question as to whether or not the material within the covers of the book really represents the best efforts of French writers in the field of the short story during the period covered. But the reader will admit that all of the stories are interesting and well-written. After all, allowance has been made for personal equation on the part of the compiler.

The subtitle of the book should not be taken seriously. Although modelled after Edward J. O'Brien's annual collection of the best short stories in America, this book falls far behind its model in editorial equipment. As a matter of fact, the critical apparatus of this book is null. Apart from the twenty short stories, the book contains addresses of a few French periodicals publishing short stories, and a so-called Biographical Roll of Honor of French Short Stories—July, 1926, to July, 1927—which is utterly misleading. It has no relation whatsoever to the period covered in the book. This part contains bibliographies of well-known French authors without regard to those who have contributed to this volume. It lists, in a most uncritical manner, poems, novels, essays in criticism, as well as books of short stories.

The book under review has no other value than a collection of twenty good French short stories in English translation of recent crop. It might not be a bad idea for the author to have his annual collection of the French short story conform to the calendar year rather than follow the school-year.

MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN.

Baker University.

THE INFLUENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE IN FRANCE. By C. P. Cambiaire. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. 1928. Pp. 332.

This book, which was presented, in 1925, as a doctoral thesis to the University of Iowa, aims to trace the growth of Poe's fame in France and his influence on the poetry and fiction of that country. It has been said of the poet of "The Raven" that this greatest of American poets was the least American of all of our poets. In fact, he found greater admirers and imitators, on account of spiritual kinship, in France than in his own country. The great French critic, Remy de Gourmont, said of Poe that his works formed a part of French literature. This book would have been very interesting if it had not been for its method of presentation. A man has to be a polyglot to read it. Its subject-matter is composed almost wholly of a series of quotations in English, French, German, Spanish, and Swedish. The author has simply emptied his boxes of cards and even his letter files into his book.

M. R.

SARDONIC TALES. By Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. Pp. 273.

This is an excellent translation of the *Contes cruels* of Villiers, a leader in the Symbolist School and an idol of the men of the nineties. He is the most original heir to the art of the German Hoffmann and the American Poe. His stories are full of mystic and savage irony, which fully accounts for the title under which they originally appeared. The vigorous and sonorous prose of this writer has well been retained in the translation. This is not the first introduction of Villiers to American readers.

Four of his stories were rendered into English by Charlotte Porter and Helen H. Clarke and published in 1897. Other of his stories appeared in American magazines in 1919 and 1926. This book contains twenty-seven of the best stories by this original French story-teller.

M. R.

REMY DE GOURMONT: A MODERN MAN OF LETTERS. By Richard Aldington. University of Washington Chapbooks No. 13. Seattle, Wash., 1928. Pp. 41.

This is a brief and brilliant essay on the great French poet and philosopher by the English critic, Mr. Richard Aldington, and was originally read before the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society.

M. R.

SKIPPETY-SKIP SOCIALISM

A HISTORY OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT. By Harry W. Laidler. New York: T. Y. Crowell Company. 1927. Pp. 713.

The great offense of this clear-styled useful book is the assumption that American intelligence can only be nourished and guided by tabloid paragraphs, block-letter aids, short chapters, and shorter summaries. The lesser offense is the inclusion of a sight-seeing skippety-skip tour through Judea where we are entertained by the mighty prophets of old denouncing the possessors of many he-goats and she-asses, and through Greece and mediæval Europe where we are shown the plans of social salvation elaborated by philosopher and dreamer. But the main body of the volume is a useful introduction to the many schools of socialist thought from Marx to Lenin and Wells. Each school is limned against the background of economic, political, and physical factors of the period; as the orthodox Socialist would have it, against an assumed universal factory system, resulting in universal class conflict and universal socialism bringing in its wake the universal reign of love and intelligence.

E. M. K.

BEYOND BEHAVIORISM

PHILOSOPHY. By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1927. Pp. 307.

Someone has acutely remarked that philosophy represents always the extension of either the theological or the scientific interest. Mr. Russell is the scientist as philosopher; and his own special field still remains the translation into metaphysics of the new doctrines of the physical sciences as well as of the scientific *Weltanschauung* in general.

Mr. Russell's latest book, originally entitled *An Outline of Philosophy*, in no sense resembles American 'Outlines' and 'Stories'. A blurb on its flaming red jacket to the contrary, it is not "so simple that even the philosophically untrained may read",—at any rate, not so simple that they may read and understand without labor and concentration. Mr. Russell is a luminous expositor, but metaphysics and scientific theories are not susceptible of any very far-reaching popularization. His book is not a summary of the great historic philosophers (but one chapter is 'historical'), nor does it conduct the reader through a systematic tour of the 'types' of philosophical attitude,—abstract idealism, personalism, pragmatism, neo- and critical-realism. Mr. Russell here, as in his earlier book addressed to the somewhat mythical 'general reader', confines himself in the main to the exposition of his own system.

This 'own system' is one of the variants of realism, the view which holds, in opposition to idealism, that man can know the thing in itself, the object of his experience as well as the experience. Realists are not materialists in the older sense of the word, for under the dissolving analysis of Berkeley and Hume and the newer theories of physics the notion of matter as a substance has disappeared. Mr. Russell holds, with R. B. Perry, John Dewey, and others, that "both mind and matter are structures composed of a more primitive stuff which is neither mental nor material."

The naturalistic philosophy called behaviorism makes scientific pretensions, and accordingly Mr. Russell is disposed to

give it more of a hearing than it has before (to the best of the writer's knowledge) received in metaphysical quarters. At first glance one fears capitulation. But the fear is premature. Mr. Russell finds behaviorism and its apostle, Dr. Watson, useful as introductions to the scientific conception of the world. But having followed their lead through Part II of his work, he dismisses them in Part III because they are, after all, found insufficiently scientific,—their analysis of matter not sufficiently modern. The distinction between *external* and *internal* cannot be sustained. "I hold," says Mr. Russell, "that the facts of physics, like those of psychology, are obtained by what is really self-observation, although common sense mistakenly supposes that it is observation of external objects. As we saw, . . . your visual, auditory, and other percepts are all in your head, from the standpoint of physics."

Part II offers a convenient epitome of the newer scientific hypotheses such as relativity and the quantum theory. Part III, *Man from Within* (i.e., non-behavioristic psychology) includes a single, rather casual, chapter on ethics, which does little more than condense the author's brochure, *What I Believe*. "Man's Place in the Universe", a chapter in Part IV, similarly summarizes, and suffers by comparison with, previous essays such as the celebrated *A Free Man's Worship* and the concluding chapter of *Problems of Philosophy*.

AUSTIN WARREN.

Boston University.



The Sewanee Review

[Founded 1892]

EDITED BY

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER



"I know of nothing in the country that has exactly the same function as THE SEWANEE REVIEW, and it is a function of very great importance. . . . We have nothing like the English Reviews, to view the world a little more 'sub specie æternitatis'. This THE SEWANEE REVIEW aims to do and does creditably."—GAMALIEL BRADFORD.



The January, 1929, issue will include, among other interesting essays, the following:

Portrait of a Saurian Charles F. Harrold
Patriotism and Fried Chicken Abbott C. Martin
An American Remembers Oxford Arthur K. Davis
Leningrad Glimpses George R. Havens
A New Testament for Flaming Youth . . . Paul F. Laubenstein
The North American Review; 1815-1850. . George E. DeMille
De Finibus Robert Withington



Subscribe to-day for yourself or for a friend. Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; 75¢ the single copy.

Address THE SEWANEE REVIEW,
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE.

University of Wisconsin Studies

STUDIES IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

- No. 1.**—British Criticisms of American Writings. 1783-1815. By William B. Cairns. Price, 50 cents.

A survey of British comment on American books during the nascent period of American national life, looking forward to an investigation into all aspects of the relations between the intellectual elements of the two nations during the first fifty years of American independence.

- No. 2.**—Studies by Members of the English Department. Price, \$1.00.

A volume of miscellaneous papers in various fields of English scholarship; dedicated to Professor F. G. Hubbard on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entering the service of the University.

- No. 5.**—Classical Studies in Honor of Charles Forster Smith, by his colleagues. Price, \$1.00.

In Preparation

The Position of the *Roode en Witte Roos* in the Saga of King Richard III, by O. J. Campbell.

Goethe's Lyric Poems in English Translation prior to 1860, by Lucretia Van Tuyl Simmons.

STUDIES IN HISTORY AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

- No. 1.**—The Colonial Citizen of New York City, by Robert Francis Seybolt. Price, 50 cents.

A source-study of the essential characteristics of citizenship practice in colonial New York City, indicating by documentary evidence the medieval English ancestry of the citizen of to-day.

Orders should be sent to the SECRETARY OF THE REGENTS, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

The Theology of Personality

By WILLIAM SAMUEL BISHOP, D.D.
Author of *The Development of Trinitarian Doctrine and Spirit and Personality*.

The author's standpoint is that of Anglican Christianity, in which both the Catholic and Protestant factors are included. One of the distinctive features of the work is the effort made, by the application of the psychological method, to interpret the doctrine of the Trinity to the mind of the present day. The distinction is drawn between Catholic dogma in itself and certain unsound developments which are in evidence both in Greek and Latin Catholicism. Written in a clear and readable style, it is a book which deals with many of the important issues that are before the Church today.

\$1.50

Longmans, Green & Co.
55 Fifth Ave. New York City

Say it with flowers

Foy's

Nasbville Chattanooga



The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee
PUBLICATIONS

TELL IT IN GATH. By JOSEPH A. OSGOOD. Cloth, 8 vo, pp. 215. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

The evident intention of the book is, first, to controvert the idea that New England Puritanism is or has been the keystone of the arch of American greatness, and, second, to show the part the South took in the building.

NEW ERA DECLAMATIONS. By Dean Benjamin Brawley. Boards, paper covered, pp. 108. Price, postpaid, 85¢.

Selections, modern, American, and humanitarian, with a Brief Talk on Public Speaking, and Biographical Notes of the Authors.

INTER-AMERICAN ACQUAINTANCES. By Charles Lyon Chandler. Second Edition, cloth, 12 mo., pp. viii, 187. Price, postpaid, \$1.25.

Legions of critics have pronounced it worth while and a book to last.

FOUR WEEKS IN THE MIDST OF THINGS. By Prof. John N. Ware. Paper covers, pp. 165. Price, postpaid, 75¢.

Diary at the outbreak of the War when the author was in Paris. Interesting, and becoming more so.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS of SEWANEE TENNESSEE

Vaughan Hardware Co.

**HARDWARE
IMPLEMENTS
BUGGIES**

Crockery and House Furnishings

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE

Steed-Leonard Furniture Co.

Office Telephone 96

Residence Telephone 2

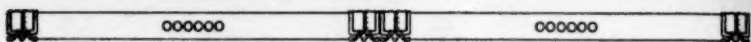
**The Leading Dealer of
Franklin County**

UNDERTAKERS———EMBALMERS

Sewanee Representative:

JOE RILEY

Of Interest to Libraries



THE SEWANEE REVIEW is carrying on the best traditions of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, *De Bow's Review*, and other well-known literary journals of the Old South, and is playing an important rôle in helping to stimulate Southern thought and Southern letters. Its thirty-odd volumes form a rich storehouse of literary essays and literary criticism, ready access to which is to be had through Poole's *Index* and the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

THE REVIEW goes into the following college and university libraries: Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Vermont, Tulane, Mississippi, Virginia, Florida, Davidson, Oberlin, Bryn Mawr, Washington and Lee, Leland Stanford, California, Kansas, Kentucky, Iowa, Amherst, Colorado, Minnesota, Missouri, Vassar, North Carolina, South Carolina, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, General Theological Seminary, Ohio State, Miami, Oregon, Wofford, Clemson, William and Mary, Washington State, Cornell, Vanderbilt, Texas, Alabama Polytechnic, besides many other public, private, and Normal School libraries throughout the country.

Containing articles on varied topics of literary and educational interest contributed by men and women who write with authority and attractive style, THE SEWANEE REVIEW deserves a place in the reading-room of every school, college, and public library in the Nation.

Every library should strive to train the public in refined taste and critical appreciation. Especially during this time of storm and stress should libraries take advantage of our people's serious mood to encourage steadiness, soberness, and selectiveness in their reading,—habits which mean so much for enlightened minds and worthy character.

YOUR LIBRARY *cannot afford to do without* THE SEWANEE REVIEW, *and we trust that you will send us your subscription without delay.*

Address THE SEWANEE REVIEW,
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, U. S. A.

LEBECK BROS.

First In Nashville

- For Ladies' Smart Apparel
- For Chic Millinery
- For Ladies' Footwear

and for saving you money.

Dependable Merchandise

When trading at Castner's, one has the satisfaction of knowing that all merchandise purchased is backed by a guarantee of service and satisfaction;—for nothing but quality merchandise is sold at Castner's.

**We give Surety Coupons
which afford a saving of
2 per cent to 6 per cent.**

Castner & Knott
DRY GOODS CO.
The Best Place to Shop
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

**A Unique
and Very Important
Contribution**

The Business of Life

By HUGH W. SANFORD

is important for

1. Business Men
2. Statesmen
3. Philosophers
4. Biologists
5. Scientists

for it offers a theory of

1. Business cycles
2. Economic principles
3. Evolution
4. Idealism
5. Government
6. Law

by combining in one large work (two volumes) an interwoven argument in which Economics, Philosophy and Biology are associated and related.

—
Two volumes, Net \$10.00
—

At all booksellers or from the

Oxford University Press

American Branch 35 W. 32nd St.
New York

Auto Accessories, Electrical, Plumbing, Mining,
Mill, Railroad, Contractors' and Factory

SUPPLIES

Hardware, Paints, Roofing, and Machinery

"We give service and sell supplies"

JAMES SUPPLY Co. CHATTANOOGA,
JUST-RIGHT SERVICE TENN.

Mills & Lupton Supply Co.

THE HOUSE OF SUPERIOR SERVICE

Everything for the Industries

Phones, Main 115, 608, 1475, 5008

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The Silk Store

of the State for
Seventy Years.

**We will be pleased to
send you samples.**

¶ Foulards of the best
quality—both in solid
colors and figured.

¶ *Crepe Venus* for skirts.

¶ Silks in Gingham ef-
fects.

¶ White Silks of beauty
and fine quality.

Thompson & Co.

Fifth Avenue Nashville, Tenn.

W. A. Case & Son Mfg. Co.

170 Second Avenue, North
Nashville, Tenn.

Supplies for Plumbers,
Steam-Fitters,
Mills
and Factories.

Vitro Closets, Perfection
Indoor Chemical
Closets,
Mueller Pipeless Fur-
naces and Kenney
Curtainless Showers.

The B. H. Stief Jewelry Co.

Official Jewelers to The University of the South

DIAMONDS

AND RICH GOLD JEWELRY

Patek, Phillips & Co. and American Watches

Ecclesiastical, Fraternity Goods

Sterling Silver Goods, Art Goods, and Cut Glass

Expert Repairing of Jewelry and Watches

All Work Warranted

Our mail Order Department is prepared to handle your business. Write for 96-page catalogue.

The B. H. Stief Jewelry Company

JAS. B. CARR, Pres. & Mgr.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Established 1845

Royal Insurance Co., Limited

OF LIVERPOOL

"Leading Fire Insurance Company of the World"

Incorporated 1811

Newark Fire Insurance Company

OF NEWARK, N. J.

"The Oldest Fire Insurance Company in New Jersey"

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT

HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

MILTON DARGAN, Manager

F. M. MIKELL }
U. S. ATKINSON } Ass't Managers

W. Q. SLAUGHTER,
Agency Superintendent

**CLASSES OF BUSINESS WRITTEN:—Fire, Tornado,
Marine, Automobile, Tourist Floater & Sprinkler Leakage**

BOOKS FREE FOR THE POSTAGE

**TO MINISTERS, STUDENTS FOR THE
MINISTRY, AND FOREIGN MISSIONARIES**

BY EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

Any or all of the following three cloth-bound volumes will be forwarded to any minister, theological student, or foreign missionary, who will send us 15c. to cover mailing cost for each book, without further cost or obligation of any sort.

ARCANA CŒLESTIA, VOL. 1

Takes up the first nine chapters of Genesis, verse by verse, and brings out the internal or spiritual meaning that lies within the literal story. It helps greatly in making clear the account of the Creation, of the Garden of Eden and of the Flood, and strengthens one's belief in the Holy Bible as the very Word of God. 585 pages. Postage, 15 cents.

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS, AND HELL

Gives a clear and rational explanation of the nature of death, of man's entrance into the spiritual world, and of the organization of that world and of the life therein. These presentations are in harmony with the teachings of Holy Scripture. 350 pages. Postage, 15 cents.

DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM

Treats of the creation of the universe. Explains the trinity in God. 277 pages. Postage, 15 cents.

We act as Distributing Agents for these books, and can unreservedly recommend them as of great value in your work. In order to secure these books enclose currency or stamps and address Department D.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

EAST WASHINGTON SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

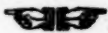
GALE, SMITH & CO.

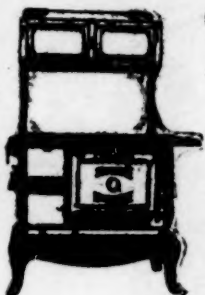
INSURANCE

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

FIRE, AUTOMOBILE RAIN, HEALTH, ETC.

**204-5-6-7 Independent Life Bldg.
Nashville, Tennessee**

PHONE ORDERS AT OUR EXPENSE
Main 22  **Main 19**



The Favorite in the
American Homes for Generations

Enterprise

Stoves, Ranges, Heaters
Furnaces

Supremacy has been vouchsafed to the Enterprise by thousands of the nation's best cooks and housewives. Each year has witnessed marked improvements and advancement in popular favor.

Built by the
South's Master
Stove Builders

Phillips & Puffer
MANUFACTURING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

DAUNTLESS

Superior to All Flours
Made For Those Who Care For Quality

LIBERTY MILLS

NASHVILLE - - - TENNESSEE

INSURANCE—All forms issued

Complete protection Disability; Surety Bonds; Steam Boiler;
Burglary; Life; Liability in all branches; Fire and Tornado.

Special and Prompt Attention to Sewanee Lines

District Manager The Fidelity & Casualty Co. of New York,
and Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford.

Office Phone 37

Residence Phone 121

V. R. WILLIAMS,
Winchester, Tenn.



GLORIA

SUPREME HIGH PATENT



**The Flower
in the Field of Flours**
Right Always in All Ways



WRITE OR WIRE

Nashville Roller Mills
THE RED MILL
NASHVILLE, TENN., U. S. A.

EVERYBODY TELLS
EVERYBODY

**Butter Krust
Bread**

IS BEST



MADE BY

Nashville Baking Co.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

THE
South Atlantic Quarterly

(Established in 1902)

Durham, North Carolina



Cosmopolitan in Scope,
Generous in Policy, but
Emphasizing The Liter-
ary, Social, and Eco-
nomic Life of the South-
ern States. :: :: :: :: :: ::

Issued Quarterly

Single copies, 75c

Subscription, \$3.00

Address:

Duke University Press

Durham, North Carolina

William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine

Published by the College

EDITORS:

J. A. C. CHANDLER

President of the College

E. G. SWEM

Librarian of the College

¶ The purpose of the editors is to print documentary material and original contributions relative to Virginia history, biography and genealogy. Genealogical queries, if briefly stated, will be printed free.

Subscription, \$4.00 per year

Address THE LIBRARIAN,
William and Mary College,
Williamsburg, Virginia.

The
"Superior Quality"
 BRAND
of
**Cadet Uniforms
 and Caps**

Put an end to all uniform trouble.
 They are the highest standard in
 materials and construction, the real
 requirements for cadet service.

Your school can secure them.
 Send for cadet uniform catalog.

THE HENDERSON-AMES CO.
 KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



Henry Pilcher's Sons

Established 1832

BUILDERS OF

**Pipe
 Organs**

*With all Modern Accessories
 of practical value*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

*Correspondence
 Solicited*

Highest Award at World's Fair

Trigg, Dobbs & Co.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
 South Pittsburg, Tenn.
 Harriman, Tenn.
 Fort Payne, Ala.
 Stevenson, Ala.

Wholesale Grocers

complete line of

Fancy Groceries

Exclusive distributors for

Admiration El Rio Tan
 Charles Denby Red Dot

and other well-known cigars

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Sewanee, Tennessee



Opened in 1868. Located at Sewanee, Tennessee, on the plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Sewanee has a national reputation as a health resort all the year round.

The Departments of the University are:

SCIENTIFIC,
ACADEMIC,
THEOLOGICAL

The scholastic year opens in September, and is divided into four terms, Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer.

For catalogues and other information, address

BENJAMIN F. FINNEY,

OF THE REGISTRAR.

Vice-Chancellor.



THE SEWANEE MILITARY ACADEMY

prepares boys for this and other Universities and for business. For catalogue and other information, address THE SUPERINTENDENT, Sewanee, Tenn.

